Week ending April 7 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

EAMONN ANDREWS
This is My Life

The new novel by NEVIL SHUTE

Doctor Beyond The Rio Grande

It's a pleasure with Sharps

I love doing the washing up. Mummy gives me Sharp's Toffees for helping her, that's why. She knows I'll get it done in double-quick time, because she keeps back those scrumptious Treacle ones 'til I've finished.

Sharps the word for Toffee

Danger times for catching COLD

HEED THESE WARNINGS!

1. *A sudden sneeze.*
2. *A tickle in the throat.*
3. *Hot-and-cold shivers.*
4. *Feverish headache.*
5. *Heavy, watery eyes.*

You can catch cold at *any* time of the year. Sudden chill to the skin weakens natural defences, gives germs a chance. But Beecham's Powders, because of their unique formula, and their fine powder form —which makes for quick assimilation and speedy action—soon bring the worst symptoms under control. With Beecham's Powders there is no risk of irritation to the sensitive stomach and therefore no risk of stomach upset, which is possible with aspirin tablets. So, be wise! Keep Beecham's Powders handy—and take one as soon as you feel the first sign of a cold or chill.

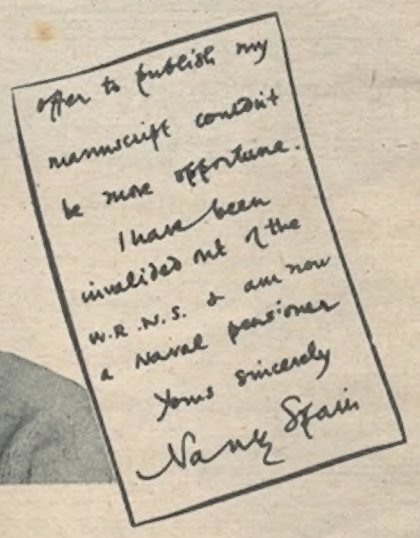
Cartons of 8 Powders—1/9. 2 Powders for 5½d. Also in tablet form—1/9 per bottle.

For COLDS & CHILLS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

NANCY SPAIN—*best-selling author, and lively wit of radio and television, chooses Basildon Bond*



"I was pensioned off!" *says* NANCY SPAIN

"IN OCTOBER 1944," says Miss Spain, "I was ill and miserable at W.R.N.S. sick quarters in London. I'd been invalided out of the Service, and my book 'Thank you—Nelson' had just been rejected for the tenth time!

"Then, suddenly, a publisher offered to take it, providing the language was cleaned up a little. I was terribly excited. I wrote off at once accepting gratefully and promising to take out all the bad language down to the faintest naval damn if necessary! It looked as though I was going to be a writer after all."

That letter of acceptance certainly proved to be a "letter of consequence." "Thank you—Nelson" had a wonderful reception and it led on to a string of successes, the latest of which is Nancy Spain's autobiography "Why I'm not a millionaire."

A letter *you* write may easily turn out to be a letter of consequence, too, so choose your notepaper carefully. Nancy Spain uses Basildon Bond "because," she says, "it has such a perfect writing surface." When you buy notepaper always choose Basildon Bond. It costs from 1/1, with matching envelopes from 8d.

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 APRIL 7 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2597

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Charles Wood and his wife on holiday in Wales

THOUGH Charles Wood, the artist who painted this week's cover, does not play cricket he knows all about boys, and enjoys drawing them. But, he says, "there is no such thing as a typical boy."

During the war, when he was asked to design a merchant navy poster showing two "tough sea-going types," he hunted for days before finding his perfect models: they were porters in Covent Garden. "It's the same with boys," Wood says. "Search for a tousle-haired, sporty-looking boy and all you seem to find are pimply youths."

With his wife and two of his sons, Wood lives at Ripe, a Sussex village as mellow as its name, where the bus calls on three days a week. They have a cottage which they have modernized without spoiling any of its charm. Wood and his eldest son Brian, who is also an artist, work in a studio shed in the garden. There's another artist in the family—Nicholas, aged thirteen, who just now is more concerned with chemical experiments in a room marked "Private—Scientist At Work." The middle son, David, is an apprentice officer in an oil tanker.

Wood is a governor of Eastbourne Art School, where he was trained. "Many people are potential illustrators but do not realize their talent," he says. "All they may need is training and perseverence."

ITALY under artillery fire and Karachi with angry rioters roaming the streets are well known to Keith Wilson, and he's described them both in *Great Day* (page 11). A thirty-four year old New Zealander, Wilson was in India and Pakistan for six years after the war; his job was insurance inspecting—"I'm a B.Comm. (failed) from Auckland University"—and it also took him to Singapore and Kenya. As a wartime gun sergeant, Wilson went through the sort of experiences he describes in his story, and, like his hero and heroine, he loves music; Sibelius and Elgar are his favourite composers.

Wilson revisited the Italian battlefields in 1950 and then came to Britain; after his years in the tropics he was favourably impressed by our September climate. In London he met a New Zealand redhead (he has always liked redheads) and married her in Calcutta two years later. Now they have settled on the sunny shores of Waitemata Harbour, in the North Island of New Zealand, and have three daughters—Bridget, aged three, and eighteen-month-old red-headed twins—"all very attractive, like their mother."

Read these pages from *Real Life* stories

The proprietors of 'Ovaltine' are continually receiving unsolicited tributes to the properties of 'Ovaltine'. The three letters published here are recent examples of the many thousands of letters received from men and women in every walk of life.

THE GRATEFUL HUSBAND

Mr. B— writes:

"I would like to put on record my sincere appreciation of 'Ovaltine' by telling you the true facts of the benefit my wife has obtained since taking 'Ovaltine'.

"Round about May of last year, for some unknown reason, my wife got into a nervous condition that made her feel tired all day, but unable to sleep at night. Her doctor gave her medicine for the daytime and sleeping tablets for the night. This went on for quite a long while, and she did sleep when she took the sleeping tablets. But when she stopped taking them, the sleepless nights started again. She tried hot milk at night, but that was no good. Then, I brought home a large tin of 'Ovaltine'. Directly my wife started on that first tin you could see the improvement in her. She takes a cup of 'Ovaltine' up to bed every night, and she always gets a good night's sleep, and is able to get up in the morning at 6.30, feeling that she has had a real night's rest. She is back to her old happy self during the day, and I honestly say it is all due to 'Ovaltine'. I am really grateful that I was able to buy something for her that did her good, and that is why I felt I must write and tell you about it."

THE BALLET DANCER

Miss I— writes:

"May I take this opportunity to thank you for your 'Ovaltine' which has helped me become strong, healthy and a good ballet dancer. Soon I hope to become a professional dancer and I know that my success is all due to 'Ovaltine'. 'Ovaltine' every night before going to bed and with breakfast every morning has made me from a thin weak child whom nobody thought would ever dance to what I am today.

"May I recommend 'Ovaltine' to all who need building up and at bedtime to everyone. Yes, 'Ovaltine' really is the world's *best* nightcap."

THE THREE LITTLE GIRLS

Mr. H— writes:

"For some time past both my wife and I have intended writing you regarding our three daughters, whose health and fitness are we think outstanding.

"May we go on to point out that all three, from a very early age, have had no other beverage but 'Ovaltine' for breakfast, tea and supper—they do not take any drink at lunch time other than water. Therefore we are of the opinion that their good health is due to the fact that we have given them 'Ovaltine' so regularly. For your further information our three daughters whose ages are 13, 9 and 6 years seldom have had to see a doctor; in point of fact, it would please your good selves to see these three girls.

"In gratitude we write and thank you for this very good beverage, which has certainly been a blessing in our home."

Countless thousands of men, women and children, all over the world, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. You, too, will benefit from 'Ovaltine'. But remember, there is only *one* 'Ovaltine'. It stands in a class by itself.

Drink delicious **OVALTINE**

THE *Vitamin-fortified* FOOD BEVERAGE

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

P. 995A

Thank goodness Joan has remembered that the bottle of Robinson's Barley Water was nearly empty! This is the time of year when it's *extra* important to have a good supply of smooth, satisfying Robinson's always in the house. As well as lemon and barley, there's energy-giving Glucose in it. What a happy thing it is that such a delightful drink should be so good at giving you extra 'go' and protecting you against all sorts of little ills and chills.

ROBINSON'S gives you —

Lemon Barley and Glucose

for Refreshment and Energy

CVS-62

Free Speech

- **Are shares for rich men only?**
- **When the Post Office sees red**
- **Snapping at the heels of crime**

SIR JOHN BRAITHWAITE, chairman of the Stock Exchange, is trying to interest the small man in industrial investment. But there's little future in it, if my experience is any guide.

Recently, I began buying shares, in £5 lots, with my weekly savings. But I was astonished to find that for every £5 I invested, I was required to pay an extra 7s. 6d. for transfer stamps and fees and contract stamp, and 10s. commission for the stockbroker. And as I shall have to pay the standard rate of income tax on my return, it will be five years before I show a profit.

As far as I'm concerned, buying shares will be the rich man's preserve until stockbrokers make it easier for people like me by reducing their commission.—B. R. T., King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Another Lawbreaker

The man carrying the ladder along the pavement ("Spot the Lawbreaker," JOHN BULL, March 3) was not the only one breaking the law. On the scaffolding there is no guard rail or toe board.

The Building (Safety, Health and Welfare) Regulations, 1948, lay down that every side of a working platform, where a man is liable to fall more than six feet six inches, shall be provided with a suitable guard rail or rails, and toe boards in addition. — J. A. HAYWARD, Wetheral Drive, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Hard Currency

Britain is probably losing valuable tourist trade because visitors have to juggle with our currency. Most other countries have adopted the more sensible decimal system, and the sooner we do the same, the better.—H. R., Cardiganshire.

"We get many complaints from visitors about our money system," says the British Travel and Holidays Association. "We now issue currency conversion cards to help them."

Colour Bar

Recently, I presented a packet at the Post Office, neatly and sturdily wrapped in red paper, and correctly labelled. The clerk told me this package was unacceptable. When I pressed

him for a reason he said the package was an embarrassment and advised me to repack it using brown paper.—G. J. EVANS, King Street, Neath, Glamorgan.

"Brightly coloured packets are a menace to deal with because they cause eye-strain among the staff," says the Post Office. "Red wrappings are particularly embarrassing for this reason, but there is no objection to pale shades of buff, yellow, green or blue."

Delayed Action

I recently married, and of course immediately applied for an income tax rebate. But I later discovered by accident that my wife could also claim.

Why is the Inland Revenue so coy when it comes to people making claims on them?—F. B., Little Hulton, Walkden, Manchester.

"We are not coy," says the Inland Revenue. "A wife is not necessarily entitled to repayment on marriage, but her husband usually is. We cannot decide on her repayment until after the end of the year, for there are different circumstances and legal matters to be looked into. These cases are not overlooked: we always offer repayment, but it takes some time."

Free Delivery

A man I know joined a bus queue with a sack of firewood. When the bus came, he asked permission to put the sack on the bus. "That's all right," said the conductor, "shove it under the stairs." At the terminus, the sack was still there — but the owner was nowhere to be seen. As the conductor was about to report the affair, he turned up. When the conductor remarked that he hadn't seen him to collect the fare, the man replied: "But I wasn't on your bus—I came down on my bike."—MRS. G. K. MOORE, Pollard Road, London, N.20.

Dogs On Duty

We hear a lot about people being attacked after dark. I think policemen on night duty should be given dogs to accompany them on the beat. These dogs are quick to sense trouble and can run faster than a man. I am sure they would make prospective thugs and thieves think twice before committing crimes.—L. M. BEIGEL, Haydn Avenue, Moss Side, Manchester, 14.

"It would be impracticable for every policeman to have a dog on the beat," says Scotland Yard, "but they are being used on beat patrol with increasing success. We had six dogs ten years ago: now we have 190, and there will be more. In 1954, our dogs were called out 1,514 times and helped to make 516 arrests." In all, there are three hundred police dogs being used in London and the provinces.

Hardship For Shops

Revaluation is the hardest blow of all to the small shopkeeper, and to Britain, which has always prided herself on being a nation of small shopkeepers. I believe many shops will close down rather than face this new imposition.

In my own business, the cost of materials has been going up and up since the war, forcing up prices to the customer and causing custom to drop off.—L. READ, Luton Road, Chatham, Kent.

. . . As the tenant of a small post-war flat, I was paying more in rates than a friend who has a four-bedroomed house and a shop. Under the new assessment my rates have been nearly halved; and rightly, too, for I had been subsidizing my shopkeeper

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Make a first-rate meal with G. Russell Hay's exciting recipe for BAKED COD FILLETS

Ingredients: 4 cod fillets, approx. 8 oz. each; ½ oz. margarine or butter; 2 tomatoes, peeled; 1 onion; salt and pepper. *Method:* Melt the margarine or butter in a baking tin; dip both sides of the cod fillets in the fat and arrange in the tin. Dice the tomatoes after removing the seeds; cut the onion in half and slice finely. Mix together in a basin, and cover each fillet with the mixture. Season and bake for 15 minutes (Regulo 7). Garnish with lemon; serve with fried potatoes and peas or beans.

G. RUSSELL-HAY, O.B.E., guiding spirit of Overton's of St. James's and Victoria—one of the oldest Sea Food Houses in England (Est. 1812) and Holders of the Royal Warrant since the reign of Queen Victoria.

Give your Family a Treat...

BUY FISH TOMORROW!

Richard and Janet live in North London. Their mother always gives the children a good bacon breakfast. "It only costs a few pence," she says, "and it's the very best way to start the day."

Send them off to a good start with a bacon breakfast inside them. Warming, nourishing, giving them stored-up energy to see them through the longest morning. And, of course, bacon is so quick and easy to cook. Takes no longer than making the tea.

Bacon for economy. Not only breakfast. Bacon makes a grand meal *any* time — baked, boiled, grilled, however you like to serve it. Good value, too, because with bacon you don't pay for a lot of bone and gristle. You pay for good nourishing meat.

Have a bacon joint for Sunday dinner. Very economical — and just as delicious when you eat it up cold. Makes wonderful sandwiches!

This week's Bacon Economy Dish
Bacon Tomato Scramble. ½ lb. bacon rashers; 1 lb. tomatoes; Salt and pepper. Remove rind and cut rashers in 3 inch pieces. Fry lightly. Lift from pan and keep hot. Slice tomatoes, cook until tender in the bacon fat. Add salt and pepper to taste. Return bacon to pan — mix well — serve hot on toast. 4-6 helpings.

FREE! "Bacon and Ham Cookery"
Get this entirely new cookery book — absolutely *free*. All about choosing, cooking and serving bacon and ham. New ideas for delicious bacon meals. Magnificent colour photographs. Write now to Bacon Information Council, Dept. JB 6, Brook House, Park Lane, London, W.1.

Any way you look at it BACON IS A GOOD BUY

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

friend for years.—D. P. W., London, S.E.25.

There are estimated to have been 750,000 shops before the war. The only count was taken in 1950, when the Census of Distribution showed 684,000 shops—531,000 retail and 153,000 covering service trades.

Love And War

Because a man is old enough to fight and possibly die for his country, it does not follow that he is old enough to marry ("Free Speech," March 10).

During National Service, very few eighteen-year-old men are given positions of command, and they are told what to do, how to do it and when to do it. But in marriage men must make their own decisions and be responsible for them.—Mrs. M. O'Dell, Limbury Road, Luton, Bedfordshire.

No Offence

"Private—trespassers will be prosecuted" say hundreds of notices all over the country. I think trespassers

can be prosecuted, but a friend maintains there must be proof of criminal intent or damage, too.—G. Martyn, Chelston, Torquay.

"Trespassers cannot be prosecuted unless they disobey a local by-law or cause damage—for trespassing is not a criminal offence," says a lawyer.

Eye Protection

Many people are pressing for legislation compelling motor cyclists to wear crash helmets, but many accidents are caused, too, by riders' reluctance to spend a few extra shillings on a pair of goggles. Whenever a motor cyclist encounters a fairly large insect and is not wearing goggles, he is likely to endanger himself and others.

I look forward to the day when riders without helmet or goggles will be breaking the law.—T. Box, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

As You Were

Zelinski's cover couple (John Bull, March 10) might have been us last summer.

Our contemporary wallpaper had a grey background with red and white motifs. Seen in a small piece, it seemed ideal. We worked very late to finish hanging it, and next morning rushed downstairs eagerly to see the result in daylight. We were horrified.

Our walls had assumed a dazzling mauvish hue and it made our furniture look shabby. And even when the room was stripped bare it appeared untidy. Our spontaneous remark was: "We'll have to live in the kitchen until this lot's covered up."

We bought more paper to cover the bizarre display. Now we have a quiet restful-looking room. — Mrs. D. M. Johnson, New Fields Avenue, Leicester.

Roll Call

When I was serving with the Leicestershire Regiment in India in 1907, we had a young lieutenant whose full name was Leone Sextus Denys Oswolf Frandati - Filius Tollemache - Tollemache De Orellana Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache.

A fellow officer remarked that he must have held the world record for names, and Lieutenant Tollemache-Tollemache replied that this might have been true among army officers, but that he had a sister with even more names. The lieutenant was killed in the first World War.—J. W. Coxall, Wigston, Leicester.

Dental Danger

Although army dental inspections are compulsory, a man can refuse treatment ("Free Speech," February 25). Obviously then, a Service cook is a potential menace; for to work with a dirty mouth is as dangerous as to work with dirty hands.—Mrs. M. R., Harrow, Middlesex.

"If a medical officer finds that a cook's dental hygiene is not satisfactory, the cook must report to the nearest dental centre," says the War Office. "If he refuses treatment, his medical certificate of examination would not be signed and he would not be allowed to cook."

Too Genuine

My brother-in-law decided that his new house should have a genuine hand-worked oak beam in the lounge. He bought a piece of matured oak, and found an old shipwright who was willing to adze it for him.

My brother-in-law expected a beam with informal wavy edges and the adze marks still showing. But when he called to collect the finished work, the old craftsman had produced a beautifully squared piece of timber with dead-smooth surfaces "all done with the adze." Reluctantly, my brother-in-law had to ask him to chop it about a bit more to produce an antique effect.—G. W., Farnborough, Kent.

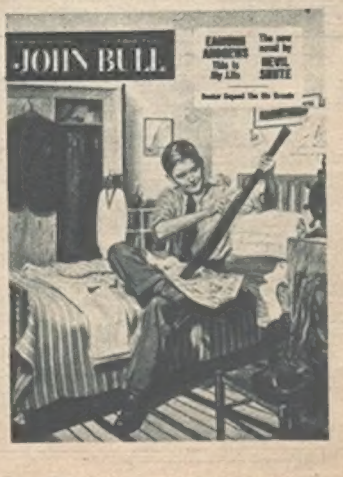
Look And Learn

As a lifelong book lover, I believe that the effort which must be put into reading a worthwhile book cannot be efficiently exerted during relatively short journeys by bus or train ("Free Speech," March 3).

Anyway, these daily excursions afford excellent opportunities for observing men and manners; for, as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THE COVER

When sport puts on its summer dress, dreams are made of bat oil and blanco—though not too much blanco; schoolboys know that it's bad psychology to start the season looking too spruce. That's one of the quirks of prestige in a schoolboy's world. A new bike is vital, but cricket gear has to be battle-scarred and mellow, redolent of triumphant days in the sun. It could be a paternal plot to keep the score down financially, though Wood (see page 3) doesn't think so. "The surest way to a father's pocket is to be top of the averages."

Fruit tastes so much better with double rich Carnation

Carnation adds such a special creamy flavour

There is no substitute for

Carnation Milk

"from contented cows"

Carnation is wonderful for cooking, too!

Double rich Carnation is simply *delicious* with fruit salad. But don't forget — Carnation's special creamy flavour improves *all* your cooking. Always use Carnation to add double richness to your sauces, sweets and savouries. Why not serve creamy, refreshing 'Carnation Jelly' today? Just follow this easy recipe! . . .

Carnation Jelly. *1 small tin Carnation Milk. 1 pint packet jelly. ½ pint boiling water.* Dissolve jelly in boiling water in a large bowl. Allow to cool. Whisk the Carnation Milk for a few minutes. When the jelly is beginning to set add the Carnation Milk gradually, whisking all the time until the mixture is light and frothy. Pour into a mould or pile into individual dishes. Serves 4 good helpings.

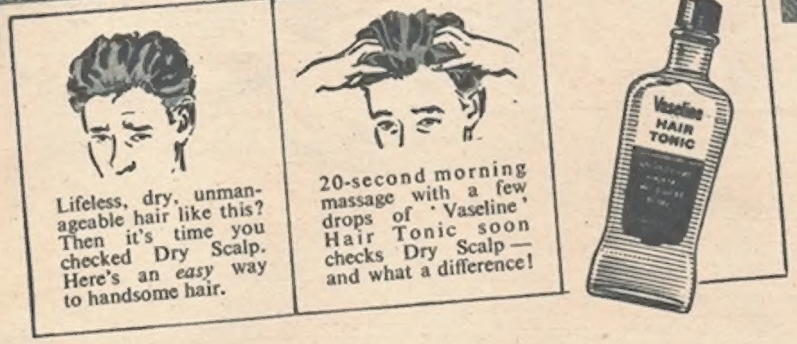
Check Dry Scalp!

. . . then you'll have handsome hair

Dry Scalp leads to loose dandruff—makes your hair lifeless, scruffy, hard to manage.

You can check Dry Scalp quickly and surely by stimulating the flow of natural scalp oils. Just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic, massaged into the scalp each morning, helps oil-starved roots. Hair soon *feels* healthier, *looks* naturally well-groomed.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, a unique blend of pure natural oils, *contains no spirit or drying ingredient*. Costs only 2/10, or 4/2 for double the quantity.



Vaseline* **HAIR TONIC**

The dressing that checks Dry Scalp

* Registered trade mark

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Pope has said, "the proper study of mankind is Man."—W. PRICE, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, 13.

. . . Using the odd half-hours travelling to and from work, a friend learned Esperanto and passed a Belgian examination with a mark of ninety-one per cent. He has also improved his knowledge of other languages, and is now starting to learn Italian.—G. THEMYNE, Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

Not For Burning

At a second-hand furniture sale, I saw a five feet high solid oak sideboard sold for 10s. Admittedly it was not modern, inasmuch as it contained no plywood and would not sag under the weight of a family joint, but surely good used furniture is worth more than the price of firewood. — E. HUGHES, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.

All The Same

An electric shaver which I had as a present from a friend in Canada was designed to work from 110 volts, so I had to buy a 17s. adaptor to make it work from 250 volts.

The adaptor was also equipped with two thin round pins for use in some Continental countries. I wonder how long it will be before we get world standards for this and so many other products which are cheerfully standardized within individual nations now. — E. G. MACFARLANE, Alpin Road, Dundee.

"International agreements take a long time to reach," says the British Standards Institution, "but both the International Electro-Technical Commission, which concerns electrical products, and the International Organization for Standardization, which covers everything else, have had considerable success in having their recommendations accepted by standards institutions in member countries."

The Hard Way

Shopkeepers, in their enthusiasm for contemporary-style fittings, should stop installing all-glass doors. Three times in as many days I have tried

to walk through closed doors I didn't know were there.—R. J. L., London, S.W.1.

"In the case of injury, a claim for damages could be brought against the proprietor if it could be proved that there was no reasonable indication of a door, such as a notice or a handle," says a lawyer. "But the action's outcome would almost certainly depend on whether a reasonable person could readily see that a door was there."

Showing The Way

If London Transport can't find a satisfactory form of trafficator in Britain ("Free Speech," March 10), they should send their experts to France or Germany to study the type used there on public service vehicles.

Indicators have been compulsory for many years in most countries outside Britain, and it's about time they were obligatory here — they would save many lives.—F. A. HOWARD, Beddington, Croydon, Surrey.

. . . The double winking lamp signals on the sides of Hull Corporation buses have proved to be the most effective indicator I have come across in thirty years of motoring. Eye-catching signals like this are needed on buses, which have to keep driving into and from the kerbside.—G. H. HARRISON, Duesbery Street, Hull, Yorks.

Ground Crop

David Attenborough writes of pineapple trees ("Zoo Quest," JOHN BULL, March 3). As an ex-Gold Coaster, I have never seen pineapple trees but I

have seen many plants similar to the one in my photograph.—L. FARMER, Tabley Grove, Timperley, Cheshire.

The pineapple fruit appears in the centre of a low cluster of leaves growing from the plant's rootstock. The pineapple is a perennial herb and a native of South America.

Even Odder

This year, we have already celebrated St. Valentine's Day on Shrove Tuesday, and I am interested to see that All Fools' Day falls on Easter Day. But a further peculiarity will occur shortly. On the usual "double feature" day of St. George and the anniversary of Shakespeare's death, the date will be written in consecutive numbers—23.4.56.—J. SARSFIELD, Hurst Street, Leigh, Lancashire.

Future Indefinite

At a government-run factory I know, a boy in the apprentice training scheme is not even asked the trade he would like to follow until his third year. This seems to be fairly general at these establishments.

The "general training" means, in fact, that a trainee passes through workshops and engages in crafts in which he has no real interest. Nothing is more heart-breaking to a skilled worker—who likes to perpetuate his craft in teaching a keen young trainee—than to know that the newcomer is merely passing through his hands for general training, especially when the boy makes it clear from the start that he has no intention of making the craft his career.—J. H., Middlesex.

Missing Drugs

We frequently hear of doctors losing drugs or having them stolen from their cars, but we never discover whether or not these drugs are found.

Having been alerted by radio and the newspapers, surely the public is entitled to know the outcome. In the meantime, as a deterrent, we should fine the doctors heavily. — MISS M. RANKINE, Rothesay, Scotland.

"The number of doctors who lose drugs is very small," says the British Medical Association. "And in many 'scares,' doctors have not been concerned in the loss."

A lawyer adds: "Doctors cannot be prosecuted for the loss of drugs, but civil action could be taken if, for example, a child got hold of drugs with subsequent fatal results."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

White Heather

for me!

and me for **Double Nut Delight**

Just think of it !
Two whole hazel nuts in lovely soft caramel, all covered with creamy milk chocolate – delicious ! And that's only one of the many exciting new centres in Pascall White Heather Assortment

Fruit Nougat

Coffee Cream

Orange Fruit Jelly

Double Nut Delight

Raisin Caramel

Peppermint Stick

Walnut Surprise

Creamy Caramel

Nutty Fudge

Orange Cream

Milk Chocolate Toffee

Milk Neapolitan

Enjoy another packet of CAPSTAN

Enjoy Capstan quality– smoother... finer flavour !

I'll say they're fine cigarettes! There's nothing to touch the fine flavour of good tobaccos carefully blended. Give me a Capstan every time — the most enjoyable cigarette I've ever smoked.

Every Capstan cigarette is firmly packed! Hold a Capstan between your fingers—see for yourself how well packed it is. Light up and enjoy the smoother, finer flavour.

My husband won't smoke any other make of cigarette! And you'll never catch me without a packet of Capstan in my bag, since I found out how smooth and good they are.

All round a better quality cigarette— Capstan are made from perfectly ripened leaf which has been slowly mellowed. And then, skilful blending makes a world of difference.

CAPSTAN cigarettes are blended better

CC48T

Muir could never forget her. She had brought him through pain and danger to this . . .

GREAT DAY

by ***KEITH WILSON***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

IAN MUIR grinned to himself as he stood at the office window and watched the dignified camel coming down McLeod Road. He knew the old camel well now. Mir was her name and she had made the same trip pulling her cart across the desert to Karachi twice a week for many years.

Shiraz, her driver, was always asleep, and Muir presumed, quite rightly, that Mir could have made the journey without Shiraz, for the driver never woke up until the gharry bells and motor horns penetrated his sleep and he knew he was in the city.

He saw Shiraz jerk himself awake as they approached Wood Street and heave to the right on the long reins, directing the camel in front of the water-carrier, across and into the road to the godown down below the office.

"Koi quli hai!" shouted the driver, and coolies ambled reluctantly from the shade to unload. The camel stood still with her head held high, as if conscious of the value of her cargo.

That was the last of it, the last of an enormous consignment of precious rice. Rice was the food of Asia. Ian had had this fact brought home to him when he had offered a starving Bengali refugee a crust of bread, and had seen the man throw it away untasted.

Now the whole consignment was ready for sale, and he made a mental note to send this last portion down to the Garden Road godown that morning. Rice was in adequate supply and so the sale was a normal one; Mr. Rashid Khan would call later in the morning and write a cheque.

It was only when rice was in short supply that prices were tricky, and it didn't take a big shortage to double the price. Fortunes could be made—and lost—in rice deals, but this one was a secure sale on a straight trading basis where you added ten per cent to the

It was their first meeting. "Come over for tea," she said, "tomorrow about four"

A dramatic reconstruction by A. J. P. Taylor

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA

IN a fortnight's time, Bulganin and Kruschev will be in Britain. Everyone will be talking about the vast country they lead—a country dominated by the Communist Party, rock-like and forbidding in its strength. Inevitably, people will be asking: "What put the Communists on top in Russia? How did they win such power that they can influence the lives of men and women throughout the world? Just what did take place in that half-forgotten revolution of 1917?"

To answer these questions for JOHN BULL readers, A. J. P. Taylor, brilliant historian and television personality, has written a compelling three-part record of this crisis in world history.

Here is the most thrilling of all adventure stories. Never had history known such a dramatic reversal of fortunes. When 1917 opened, the Bolshevik Party was illegal; its newspaper was banned; Trotsky and Lenin were in exile; Stalin was in Siberia. The secret organizations in Petrograd had a mere few thousand members. Yet ten months later the Bolsheviks were the rulers of an empire.

A crude, violent epoch throbs alive in Taylor's vivid sketches: Rasputin relishes poisoned cakes; Cossacks mutiny; the Petrograd Soviet holds endless meetings in an atmosphere rank with cigarette smoke; Trotsky's oratory calms a lynching mob; disguised in a blond wig, Lenin eludes the police; gay Petrograd dines on the Nevsky Prospekt while the defence of the Winter Palace collapses and the Bolsheviks take power.

This tremendously powerful reconstruction gives new understanding of an event which changed the course of the twentieth century. Illustrated with historic photographs, it begins . . .

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

invoice value and an appropriate charge to cover transit costs and insurance. Ian was glad to know it was safe.

It was eight o'clock in the morning and the temperature on the thermometer in the office showed one hundred, which was relatively cool with the punkah going. By midday it would be ten degrees higher—when the hot wind off the Sind desert struck the city.

His gaze was distracted by members of the U.K. High Commissioner's staff arriving on the other side of the road; pretty girls in summer dresses without hats, walking through a green garden, the only piece of greenery in the whole of the dry length of McLeod Road.

His contract had stated that he was not to marry, which was just as well. There had been time for nothing but work. In fact it had been necessary in the three years he had been in Pakistan to ignore Karachi's social life. Those three years had been devoted to opening the branch, registering the company, to business contacts with the Pakistanis, and work; work from eight till seven with Saturdays and most of Sundays thrown in.

He had set himself the task of building an organization around him so that he would be secure, indispensable; of learning all the details and gaining all the experience in those three years that would have come gradually over all the years that the war had used up. Then this temporary full-time concentration could cease and he could start a normal life.

It had been a slow tortuous path towards any degree of efficiency in running the business; a lonely, painstaking, temper-testing experience, where you had to know each man's job in detail, and check and check and check, until you longed to be rid of it and away from the dry heat: until you longed to live in a quiet, cool country where an office worked automatically, where there was established routine; where you could drink the water out of the tap and mow the grass at the weekend, and swim in the river without fear of the water being contaminated.

Now that he was on top of the job after three years' slogging, he found his thoughts returning more and more to the past. . . .

Summer in Devon! He remembered the time when he was stationed there during the war. He remembered the path that was dusty and overgrown and the gap in the trees on the river bank that had been made by swimming parties.

The sun shone through the trees and sparkled when it struck the moving water. It warmed the long grass on the bank for him to lie in comfort in bathing trunks and enjoy an indolent cigarette.

When the sun became too hot, he dived down into the stream, gasped in the cold water from the hills, and then turned over and lay on his back; looking up at the roof of branches, drifting in peace. For lunch he ate thick sandwiches from the cookhouse and drank a bottle of beer; and afterwards he closed his book and slept.

A SPLASH woke him, and he looked over the bank to see a girl in the pool. She had dived in from the far bank and was swimming easily, keeping pace against the current.

She certainly knew how to swim, he observed, and watched her guiltily for a few moments before he called down. "Oy!" he shouted, and smiled when she looked up, startled, at the side of the pool where she had come in. "That's the echo," he said. "I'm up here." She turned her head and looked up at him, treading water. She said: "Oh—you gave me a fright."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't worry. Are you from the camp?"

He nodded. "I've been coming down here for weeks. You're my first visitor."

"We used to come here a lot before the war."

"It's a lovely spot."

"Yes. It's peaceful."

He did not know how to go on from there. After a moment he said: "Look, you have your swim and I'll go back to sleep. Then, if you feel like it, come up on the bank. I've got some sandwiches, if you'd like one."

She looked at him for a second. "All right," she said. "I'll come up in about five minutes." She smiled and swam away.

When she reappeared she had put a towel round her. She sat down in the grass and examined the sandwiches.

"Our cook makes man-size sandwiches. I'm afraid he doesn't cater for females," he said apologetically.

She laughed. "I couldn't eat a whole one. They're enormous." She broke one in half and he was fascinated by her fingers, which were long and white and well-cared-for, with short neat nails. "Lovely fresh bread," she said. "It's quite hard for civilians to get it."

"They bake it at the camp each morning. Actually, I've seen you before: you played in the last camp concert, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"I enjoyed it."

"Thank you."

"But—I thought you played your Granados a little too fast."

Her head came up. "Oh *did* I?"

He laughed. "No, you played it beautifully; I just wondered if you were open to criticism."

"I'm very relieved. Can you play it, or are you just a listening critic?"

He had earned that.

"I think I can struggle through it, given time," he said. "Now I promise I won't be rude any more. Have some more sandwich?"

"Peace offering?"

"That's it."

After a little while she said. "When you sit down at a piano, what do you play first?"

He thought for a second. "Chanson Triste—Tchaikovski: probably that, I think. Why—what do you?"

"It doesn't really matter. I wanted to find out if you *could* play."

"Well—I was quite a good pianist. I'm a gun-sergeant now."

"If the camp piano's all you've got to play on, I feel sorry for you."

"Yes, it's not the best."

"You can come over and play our piano if you like, as long as you don't ruin it."

"Thank you. I promise to be gentle with it."

She got to her feet. "Come over for tea tomorrow about four—if you can. There's just Daddy and me."

"Certainly I will."

"It's the little house on the terrace. My father is Mr. Collins."

"Oh, I know it—with white tiles."

"Yes."

"I'm looking forward to it. My name is Ian Muir by the way."

"Mine's Bridget—Bridget Stanton. Thank you for the sandwich."

She ducked her head through the gap in the

trees and was gone. It was quite a few minutes before he realized that she had been wearing a wedding ring. . . .

"Mr. Hussain Ahmed has not signed the reverse of his bill of lading," said the clerk. "What to do?"

"Get him to sign it."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. Most of them lacked initiative.

The fan had blown a Head Office circular on to the floor. He picked it up, sat down at his desk and tried to concentrate.

"On receipt of the original notification of claim, branches will forward to the Control Office a provisional advice, estimating the sum and noting the advice to indicate the degree of likelihood of the Company being obliged to compensate. . . ."

She played beautifully. The piano was a lovely baby grand. They had tea on the veranda with her father and afterwards played alternately during the afternoon. He discovered that she was twenty and had been married for a year to a lieutenant who was now in the Middle East, and she was worried because the army had withdrawn to Alamein and there was some danger of his being taken prisoner.

SHE was young and fresh, with a slightly advanced maturity that came from waiting patiently for the war to end. She ran the house, helped her father in the garden, and practised the piano; and waited.

She introduced him to a melancholy Gershwin prelude that was simple and yet unique; it stuck in his mind, and he found long afterwards that he could play it through without error. It always recalled for him the quiet summer afternoon in the little white house within the sound of the river.

Being a humble sergeant had its advantages, for he was free of camp duties after five o'clock, and so he used to spend his evenings at her piano. It became quite a joke in the sergeants' mess, and the worst construction was put upon his nightly excursions.

By the time the regiment was equipped and trained to go overseas he had been doing this for six months, and had begun to realize that going away was the best thing that could happen, from his own point of view and possibly from hers. He knew that she was beginning to rely on him for company and morale. He lessened her loneliness even if he did not dispel it altogether, and had altered her plan to resign herself to solitude.

Without him, she would have to go back to her former lonely existence, and the adjustment would be painful. So he heard of the posting to Egypt with mixed feelings. He said goodbye and marched aboard the troopship, sad, but deriving comfort from the fact that the posting was personally opportune.

The ship waited two days in the harbour before sailing, and on the second day he learned that John Stanton had been killed. He spent a long time writing her a note and saw that it caught the last mail ashore. After that he made up his mind that the best thing to do was to try to forget about her altogether. . . .

Ian looked at his watch. It was nearly ten and the office was still quiet. He walked out to the outer office and found the solitary clerk.

"What's happened to all the clerks, Yacoob?"

"There are some student riots in Saddar, sir. Possibly they can't get past Bunder Road."

"How did you get here?"

"I live in Kiamari, sir."

"Hell!" said the manager suddenly. They would not be far away from the Garden Road godown. He went to the telephone and checked with the insurance company to confirm that his riot cover was current. However, that didn't alter the fact that he would not sell the rice today, as he had hoped, to Rashid Khan.

Reference to his diary showed the entry, "Rashid Khan 10.30." But Rashid obviously would not commit himself today with the stock in the godown surrounded by rioters.

Now, as he lit a cigarette, he could not avoid showing his gloved hand. Bridget watched him silently—there was no need for words

Forty-eight thousand rupees had been the figure, but now he would probably have to sit on the rice until it was bad, if it was still there. Possibly it would be better if the rioters burned the place—he would get the market price from the insurance company.

But Rashid's price was far better. He imagined that Rashid had been aiming at hoarding the stuff for a few months and then unloading when the famine started. That was Rashid's business, not his. All he had to do was to get rid of it at a reasonable profit. But now he knew that the phone would ring and Mr. Khan would regret his inability to attend.

If he didn't make some effort to sell the stock, he could picture the directors' comments, and so he put on his coat and went down to the car. McLeod Road was quiet but he could sense the tension. People talking on the footpath all turned their heads towards Saddar and large crowds had gathered to watch the battle.

An Anglo-Indian police officer was turning all traffic back at the top of Victoria Road. Ian leaned out of the window of the car and asked: "Can you take me down to the godowns? I've got a big stock of rice in Garden Road."

The policeman looked at him with amusement. "It's very dangerous, sir. Listen to the noise."

The deep roar of the mob was mixed with the crack of shots, and, at intervals, explosions coming from a quarter of a mile away. Victoria Road was littered with bricks and bottles where the rioters had passed. Many of the shop windows were broken, and he could see a big car down the road, burning.

"That's the education minister's car," said

Continued on page 45

This Is My Life (4)

Triumph — at £6 a week

by EAMONN ANDREWS
as told to WILFRED GREATOREX

For weeks I starred on the BBC . . . and then became a forgotten man. Now I had a second chance—in what seemed to be a madhouse

Eamonn saw *Reluctant Heroes* in a half-empty theatre—and worried about his own future

Robert Earl volunteered to sing in Eamonn's give-away quiz show. Later he became a star

IF I had set out on my first visit to London with somewhat grandiose expectations I now felt, after almost a fortnight in the most exciting city on earth, more like a candidate for the Lonely Hearts Club. The heart of show business beat coldly. Each morning and afternoon I sought out producers in every B.B.C. department from outside broadcasts to variety and recorded programmes.

I found the corporation's reception desks harder to pass than the policemen at the Houses of Parliament, and when I called to see Tom Chalmers, then Controller of the Light Programme, whom I had interviewed on Radio Eireann, I failed to get beyond the beribboned commissionaire at Broadcasting House. This great off-white building, which had filled me with awe at first sight, took on an even more forbidding grandeur.

It was 1949, and after building some sort of reputation as a sports commentator, quizmaster and disc jockey in Ireland, I had come to London to start a music-hall tour for bandleader Joe Loss with my give-away quiz, *Double Or Nothing*. I saw it as the opportunity I had long wanted to break into the B.B.C., but so far nobody was in the least impressed by my voice or my persistence. After each night's performance at the Shepherd's Bush Empire I resolved to intensify my search the following morning, and one day I did get in to see S. J. de Lotbinière, Head of Outside Broadcasts.

He put one of my Radio Eireann boxing commentary records on the turntable in his office, listened closely and then, straightening up to his full six foot six inches, explained that I had a lot to learn. To my intense discomfort, "Lobby" then put on recordings of Raymond Glendenning and Stewart MacPherson to illustrate the mistakes that he said I was making. It was all so clinical that I left with the kind of feeling one gets after a diagnostic session with the doctor.

I badly wanted to stay in England. The possibility that after the *Double Or Nothing* run I might have to return to Dublin, tail down, to pick up the old threads, filled me with misgivings; any sort of work with the B.B.C. would be better than that. Only a few days remained to fix something: soon the Joe Loss Show, and me with it, would be in the provinces far from the centre of broadcasting. It was then that I was seized with the notion that if the B.B.C. didn't want me, the film studios might.

At this time an Irish actor called Kieron Moore, for whom I am often mistaken, was at the top. Imitatively, I called on his agent and appointments were made for me at Pinewood, Ealing and other studios in the London area.

I felt as provincial as a dalesman and as Irish as potatoes and, like most young men seeking a professional break, I was anxious to please; so anxious that I was ignored. A few casting directors interviewed me, but many a time I would be left hanging around the studios praying that someone would notice me. I remember one occasion when I loitered about the set like the invisible man himself while a few feet were shot of a film called *Another Shore*. I was on another shore all right. What I did not appreciate at the time was that London was over populated with under-employed Irish actors.

This wintry reception was tempered somewhat by the extreme friendliness of the boys in the Loss band, and my sense of loneliness by some of the competitors who came up for the *Double Or Nothing* quiz. One night, among four volunteers from the audience, appeared a little man with a subdued manner and a nicely controlled voice who answered my first question correctly for five shillings and then identified a tune.

"Would you like to sing a bit of it?" I asked.

The band struck up, and this man's voice was great. "No more questions for you," I said, impressed. "Here's your quid."

Today, Robert Earl is a recording star.

He was not the only competitor with ideas about breaking into the jungle of show business, and it all helped to give me the feeling that I was part of a big, happy family—a big one, anyway. At least, I was not hunting alone.

After paying my fare, I had reached London with £20. The Joe Loss job was bringing in £40 a week, part of which I posted home in case it was needed there. My father had been ailing for

some time, and I still had pangs of remorse about leaving home at such a time. The rest of my salary was frittered away. There are few more dangerous occupations than touring the provincial music halls, for one is left with so much time on one's hands and the temptations to waste it are almost unavoidable.

As I remember it, this tour from my point of view was a procession of visits to the cinema, parties, and three memorable visits to dog tracks. I have never been able to resist a tip, and as one of the Loss bandsmen knew the dogs as well as his band scores and had a cast-iron system, the bookmakers took more than a reasonable share of my earnings. I have never been able to look a dog straight in the face since.

WHEN the tour ended, I had saved not a penny. I took up where I had left off in my search for B.B.C. engagements or a part in a film, and I *was* offered a minor rôle in a play. The duration of rehearsals, however, would have put too great a strain on my reduced finances, and I began to think again of going back to Dublin. I was finally convinced when I heard Stewart MacPherson doing a brilliant boxing commentary: it would be better to keep myself occupied in Dublin than idle in London. Fortunately, I had enough money for the fare home.

The greatest compensation now was a personal one; I was able to see Grainne, the lovely dark-haired girl to whom I had been introduced by her father. The work also began to roll in: boxing and international soccer commentaries, and a Friday programme for Radio Eireann shared with another broadcaster, Gus Ingoldsby, called *Sports Stadium*. Nevertheless, I was terribly unsettled and frustrated. I kept up my letters to the B.B.C., and twice there were alarms

In *Ignorance is Bliss*, Eamonn's main job was being rude to Gladys Hay. Others in the panel were Harold Berens (left) and Michael Moore

Freddie Mills (left) and Joey Maxim before their fight in London. Maxim told Eamonn: "I've an appetite like a bird—a vulture"

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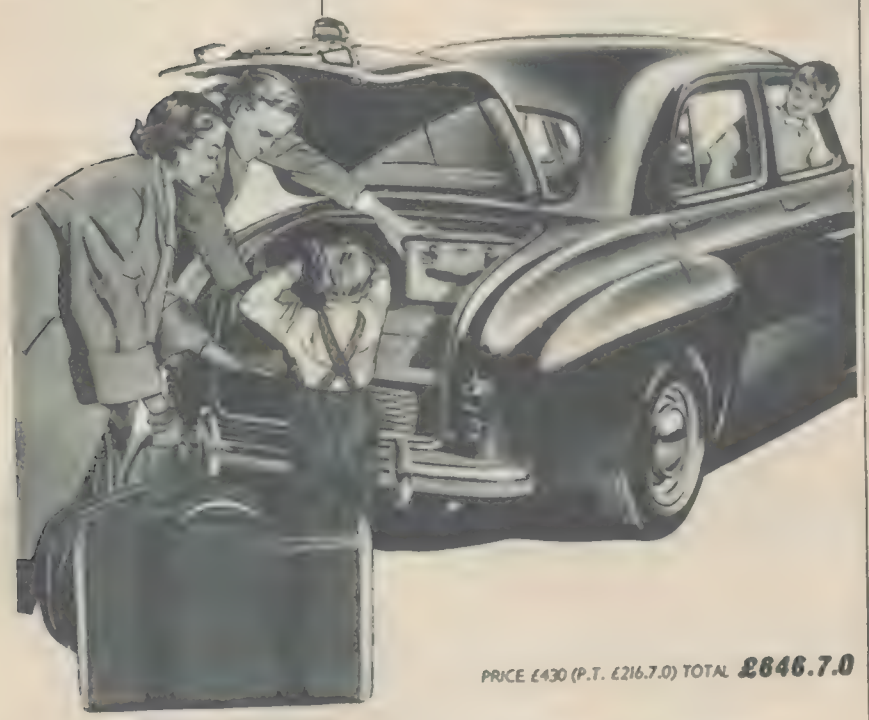

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Angus Mackay (right) and Brian George, with Eamonn and Grainne in a studio. Mackay put Eamonn on *Sports Report*

Agent Teddy Sommerfield helped Eamonn to break into the B.B.C. "Without him I would have returned home for good"

when I heard that Stewart MacPherson was leaving to work on the other side of the Atlantic. They were only rumours.

In the event, it was almost by coincidence that I made my first really worthwhile contact with the B.B.C. Radio Eireann decided to fly me to London to record interviews for *Sports Stadium* with the London fly-weight boxer Terry Allen, who was due to fight Rinty Monaghan, and with the American Joey Maxim, whose fight was pending with Freddie Mills. For this job, the B.B.C. was helping us out with facilities, and I little knew when I was introduced to the Head of B.B.C. Recorded Programmes that he would play such a considerable part in shaping my future. Brian George went out of his way to be helpful. He first put me in touch with Maxim's manager, a sharp-mannered livewire named "Doc" Kearns.

"Sure you can interview Joey," said Kearns. "Best time is at breakfast. Be at the Lex Restaurant and Joey'll say something."

When we arrived with the B.B.C. recording van, Joey was laying into half-a-dozen eggs and several rashers of bacon as if he were hungry. Momentarily at a loss, I asked if he always ate like this during training.

"Gee, no!" Joey replied. "I've an appetite like a bird." He winked at Kearns and added: "A vulture!"

With two interviews in the can, I mentioned to Brian my admiration for MacPherson's work and he asked if I would like to meet him. At lunchtime, he introduced us over a beer in a pub near Broadcasting House, and it was like shaking hands with one of my ambitions. MacPherson readily agreed when I suggested a recorded interview with him for *Sports Stadium*, and back in Broadcasting House he rasped back answers to my questions. There was as much thrill for me in doing an interview on B.B.C. premises as there was in meeting MacPherson. The trip had paid off handsomely: in an oblique sort of way I had got beyond the B.B.C. barrier.

Not long after this I heard that MacPherson was leaving for Canada, and this time it was true. Hopefully, I saw myself as his successor on boxing commentaries, but it was his other line, the chairmanship of *Ignorance Is Bliss*, the crazy uninhibited panel show, which created the first opening. Without optimism, and half-expecting another brush-off, I applied for an audition. I was invited to attend, and it turned out that there were five other potential chairmen, including Jack Jackson, Joe Linnane, and a walrus-moustached gentleman oozing charm and good manners, named Gilbert Harding.

In a B.B.C. studio, each of us was given part of an *Ignorance Is Bliss* script to read before a small audience composed mainly of corporation staff. It was impressed upon us by the producer that it was of some considerable importance that we should be rude to Gladys Hay, a matronly comedienne who was just as good-humoured off the air as she was during broadcasts. This worried me a little, yet I was oddly more concerned about the way the charming, highly-cultured English gentleman would react to this requirement. I kept thinking that he could not possibly be rude to anyone. It was years before I was disabused of this idea.

I RETURNED to Dublin not knowing who had been selected, and I was astonished some three weeks later to learn that I would preside over the first six programmes of the new series. Plainly, the B.B.C. was taking no chances—and, for that matter, I wasn't either. With the programme scheduled for Monday nights, I planned to keep my Radio Eireann commitments alive by flying from Dublin on Sundays and returning on Tuesday mornings.

While I was in Dublin after one of these trips my father took a turn for the worse in his illness, and on the Saturday he died. Such are the demands of the career I had set myself on that I had to take a plane back to London after the funeral on Monday to appear in *Ignorance Is Bliss*. It was one of the blackest days of my life and I was relieved to get the show over.

This was one of the times when I preferred to be alone; at others I would have given anything for company. I missed the friends I had made in Dublin, and I appreciated the thoughtfulness of Brian George, who, besides introducing me to other B.B.C. people, often saved me a solitary weekend by inviting me to his delightful home at Sonning-on-Thames.

It was when we were preparing to take *Ignorance Is Bliss* on a music-hall tour that I met another man who was to influence my future more than anyone. Back in Ireland, people had warned me about the pitfalls of London, and I thought I knew all of them until Edward Sommerfield indicated others that I had never imagined.

A stockily built business man who always smoked cigarettes through a holder, he had just returned to London after tiring of inactivity on the Riviera, where he had gone to live. He understood better than anyone what I wanted to do, warned me of the passing nature of my line in show business, and urged me to broaden my scope. He made me feel my rawness.

While I was on tour, Teddy kept up the approaches to the B.B.C. on my behalf and, though we had little or nothing to show for it, I *did* have the feeling that I was no longer entirely on my own. As a stage show, *Ignorance Is Bliss* was no world-beater. There were a few encouraging weeks, notably in Dublin, where we had a riotous time. I certainly had fun showing Harold Berens some of my favourite spots. I enjoyed it, too, for the company of Gladys Hay and her husband Al Potter, with whom I usually shared "digs." Gladys, a fair player herself, introduced me to golf, and as a morale-builder was indispensable, for the show itself was going

Continued on page 49

The Derby draws vast crowds to Epsom, but the prize money—about £19,000 in a good year—seems almost paltry against American stakes

Gordon Richards is led in on Pinza after his Derby victory in 1953. He beat the Queen's colt Aureole by four lengths

Lester Piggott became a senior jockey at fourteen, when he won his fortieth race and lost the apprentice's weight allowance

The dollar boom is buying us out

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Stallions go west to dollar bidders. It pleases the Treasury—and threatens the future of British racing

TWO YEARS AGO last January three heavily coated men stood in a yard at Lord Derby's stud at Newmarket. From one of the stalls the head groom led out a smallish, elderly, full-barrelled horse with an Arabian head and four white socks. There was a flutter of respectful excitement; an observer might have been forgiven for thinking that hats were about to be removed.

The horse was Hyperion, twenty-four years old, winner of the Derby in 1933 and England's —and the world's—most famous modern sire of thoroughbred stock. The three men were members of a Russian delegation sent to England to purchase an English stallion for the renewal of Soviet equine blood. Hyperion, naturally, was not for sale, but the Russians bought one of his grandsons, Riding Mill. In buying this descendant of Hyperion the Russians had returned to the source, for Hyperion in turn descends from Eclipse, who, with Herod and Matchem, is one of the three ancestors of every thoroughbred throughout the world.

Riding Mill was only one of the scores of English horses and mares which are sold to go overseas every season to America, to the Argentine, to Chile and Venezuela, to Canada, France and Italy—to any country where first-class racing is carried on.

In 1954 at the Newmarket bloodstock sales in December, 920 horses changed hands for £1,300,000. Nearly half of this sum represented exports; £500,000 worth of horseflesh were dollar sales to the United States.

Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, better known as Elizabeth Arden, of the cosmetics firm, paid 19,000 guineas for a colt foal by Fair Trial—an animal which was not yet one year of age and consequently a quite unknown quantity except for one thing: the blood in its veins. A filly foal by Prince Chevalier was bought by Mr. Kleber from Texas for 11,000 guineas. Another American, the trainer Jim Ryan, paid £31,500 for six yearlings at the Doncaster sales in the same year; a South African took another of our horses away for ten thousand guineas.

The same story was repeated last year. British horses mean big money in America. Nashua, sired by the English horse Nasrullah, has just changed hands in the United States for £446,000.

This boom in British bloodstock, bringing in much-needed dollars, must be welcomed by the Treasury. The average racegoer, seeing foreign buyers fighting to buy our horses, might think that English blood—and by extension English racing—is still the best in the world. So it is. But many who have the future of the Turf in this country at heart view this annual influx of dollars and exit of horses in a bleaker light. Heavy foreign purchase and soaring dollar bids mean that the best English bloodstock is being priced out of the English owner's market, and without the English owner willing to buy and race some of our best horses at home, racing here must decline in quality.

Buying a high-class horse is almost always an expensive luxury, and often a disastrous gamble. In 1945 a foal called Adstock was bought for a then record price of £7,560. He raced twenty-five times and won one small race worth £345, having cost his owner at least £3,000 to keep and train.

American owners, again, can afford to bid high, for the prize money to be won in the United States towers above anything our richest races can offer. The Aga Khan's Tulyar, with winnings of £75,000 in 1952, won more money than any racehorse in English Turf history. His counterpart in America, Nashua, who is still racing, has lately brought his winnings up to over £350,000.

ENGLISH owners cannot hope to win such money here. Even the Derby, worth in a good year some £19,000, falls short of the £25,000 of some of France's richest races, and becomes almost paltry set beside the huge stakes offered in America.

To win the Derby—still the world's greatest prestige race—or one of the dozen or so valuable races in this country is the dream of everyone who buys or breeds a thoroughbred. The average owner, who has a few horses because racing is his passion, would be well content to spend the £700 needed to keep a horse in training if the average prize money of the 2,350 races run every year was such as to give him some hope of a return for his outlay and expenses.

That incentive is lacking. Racing costs are rising steeply, but prize money remains the same. And the owner—racing's essential unit and its Cinderella—is becoming vociferous about it.

His complaint, like everything to do with the Turf, from the sale of a Derby winner to the price of beer in Epsom's grandstand, will be examined by someone accredited to an organization which has its seat in a wide-fronted, brick-built building in the High Street at Newmarket.

When the Soviet buyers had paid their respects to Hyperion they were taken to see the Jockey Club. After a silent peep through the iron gates, Mr. Rogalevich, the delegation's leader, is said to have grinned delightedly.

"We are here," he explained to his two

Elizabeth Arden, the American owner, paid 19,000 guineas for a colt foal by Fair Trial, an unknown quantity—except for its blood

Boyd-Rochfort, the Queen's trainer, with Bill Weatherby (left), whose family has served the Jockey Club since the late eighteenth century

WHEN a girl hears the word chocolate, she hopes it's Nestlé's Milk Chocolate. Bite into that velvet smoothness, taste that rich creamy flavour and you'll know why Nestlé's Milk Chocolate is such a favourite.

milk chocolate at its very best

companions, "at the Kremlin of the English Turf." The quip was a very near miss.

The Jockey Club is a typical English institution. Nobody knows exactly how or when it came into being, except that it dates from somewhere in the middle of the eighteenth century. It has no legislative right for its absolute powers over racing, yet its rulings are never disputed in the courts. Autocratic and secretive, run by a triumvirate of rich men who meet behind sound-proof doors, it rules with complete authority over the most democratic sport in the land.

It might hear criticism, but rarely answers it. Its administration is discreet, and its officials wear no uniform, but, like "Big Brother," it is always watching you. From its edicts, majestic as a Papal Bull, there is no appeal.

The Aga Khan with the Begum at Ascot. In 1952, his horse Tulyar won £75,000

OFFICIALLY, the Jockey Club, which owns Newmarket Heath, runs only the meetings that are held there; in effect its powers are world-wide. Nobody "warned off" Newmarket Heath—the Club's direst penalty—can run a horse on, or even enter, a racecourse which recognizes Jockey Club rules. And that means all courses in the United Kingdom, the United States, Italy, France, New Zealand, Australia, Yugoslavia, and thirty-five other centres overseas.

The reigning monarch—unless such be a queen—is traditionally a member, but the Club is no respecter of persons. In 1791 it warned off the jockey Chifney, who rode for the Prince of Wales, later George IV. The Prince backed up his man and protested, but the Jockey Club was unimpressed. In the event, the Prince sold his horses and was never seen at Newmarket again.

In 1953, the Club informed one of Ireland's most powerful trainers, Mr. Prendergast, that no horses trained by him would in future be allowed to race in England. Nine months later the ban was lifted. In 1954 the Club fined Captain Boyd-Rochfort, the Queen's trainer, £100.

The ruling cabal of three men—Senior, Second and Junior Stewards — is self-appointed, the Senior Steward nominating his choice for the third member when he retires at the end of a three-year period. Behind the Stewards are fifty or sixty members, who by tradition must be men of some wealth and personally interested in the breeding of bloodstock. Such men are becoming more and more difficult to find, and one of the main criticisms brought against the Club—perhaps the most exclusive club in the world—is that by barring entry into the higher councils of the Turf to the new type of owner and breeder it refuses to move with the times.

The executive of this dictatorship is the firm of Weatherby's, almost as old and certainly as traditional as the Jockey Club itself, whose headquarters are in Cavendish Square, in London. Their ability for self-perpetuation must rival that of any firm in Britain; successive members of the family have served the Jockey Club in an unbroken line of nearly two hundred years.

Today E. W. (Bill) Weatherby holds the post of Keeper of the Match Book and Secretary to the Jockey Club. The ancient title covers many activities. It is Weatherby's who own and administer the Debrett of the thoroughbred, the General Stud Book; it is they who publish the Racing Calendar; it is they who receive entries, keep owners' accounts and pay them their winnings. Weatherby's have no competitor, and many racing people think it absurd that a highly competitive sport like racing should have its business affairs administered by what is in effect a monopoly. Weatherby's are unmoved. Like their masters at Newmarket, they do not feel the necessity to explain themselves.

With two such august and self-sufficient bodies—one an autocracy, the other a monopoly—to govern and administer its affairs, it might be thought that racing is being indifferently served in an age of swiftly developing ideas and new techniques. The Jockey Club is often accused of slowness and prejudice. It thought for years before introducing the starting gate; it thought for even longer before installing the camera for the photo finish. It has done little to improve facilities at English courses, which are still the most uncomfortable in the world. But although the average punter in the cheaper rings—and without him racing would not exist—might prefer a cushioned seat to standing on a windy terrace, his true interests are certainly looked after better here than anywhere else.

The Jockey Club has a copious mail. Some letters offer advice, others contain abuse. But few can have been so endearing as that from a woman whose son had left to become a jockey. His mother complained that her boy had not written home for some time, and wondered if the secretary had seen him about in the club lately. Many jockeys have attained high position in the racing world and in society, but none has been, or will be in the foreseeable future, a member of the Jockey Club.

TO the crowd, the trade of a jockey comes into the category of "glamour" professions. He is much in the public eye, especially if he is successful and "fashionable." He has often to do with the great and powerful, and important sums of money frequently depend on his skill and integrity. The well-known jockey is associated with chartered aircraft, expensive cars and holidays in the West Indies. While such rewards do come the way of a very few of the seven hundred riders licensed every year, the majority of jockeys have to make their way painfully in what is as hard and exacting a profession as any in athletics.

A jockey might begin his life with horses when he is twelve or thirteen years old. As an apprentice he earns pocket money and his keep. Until he has ridden forty winners his horse is favoured in the handicapping by being permitted to carry less weight. He might make dramatic progress in this trial period. Lester Piggott rode his fortieth winner at the age of fourteen; Frank Wootton was champion jockey with 165 winners when he was fifteen. But at the moment there are at least two jockeys over fifty who have still to weigh out on their fortieth winner. A jockey called George Cracknell rode his first winner in 1952 at fifty-two years of age, a time of life when most jockeys have retired.

Unless a jockey rides good horses regularly he will not have much money in the bank on which to retire. The fee for riding a horse is five guineas, with two guineas added if the horse wins. Such rates are sufficient if a rider can count on two or three mounts every racing day, but are inadequate if he gets no more than that number of rides a week. He can, of course, expect sums from other sources. It is customary, but not obligatory, for the winning owner to give his jockey a "present," usually ten per cent of the stakes, a considerable windfall if he is lucky enough to win races in the £10,000 category.

The giving of such "presents," while quite unobjectionable, is usually done with discretion, but last year a certain owner let his enthusiasm outrun his judgment. Having seen his horse, ridden by a famous and popular jockey, win a good race at Kempton Park, he rushed to the rider as he left the scales after the "weigh in" and pressed a wad of "fivers" into his hand.

The jockey, murmuring "Later, please," tried to fend him off, but the owner would have none of it; his horse had won and its rider would have his reward. Finally, with no pockets big enough to contain the money, the jockey stuffed the "present" down his silk jacket, reaching the changing-room considerably stouter than when he left it.

"This is the first time," he told his hilarious companions, "that I've finished a race six hundred pounds overweight."

There are owners who don't feel themselves bound to the custom of giving a "present"; they seldom feel its onus burdening them again.

Of the five hundred youngsters who take to racing every year perhaps one in a hundred attains the stage when he no longer has to worry about where the cash is coming from. Some of the unsuccessful get out while they can; others work on stud farms, but most, falling under the potent spell of racing and horses, stay on to work in the stables—"lads" for life.

Jockeys have the benefit of insurance policies

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Beyond The Black Stump

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Stanton and Molly were on a desperate hunt. . . . A boy was missing: if not found by sunset, he'd be dead

MOLLY REGAN admired the Americans. They had brought an oil rig to West Australia—and a new way of life to the outback. A way of life that even on the Lunatic Range included ice-cream and air-conditioning.

Molly and her mother were frequent visitors to the oil men's camp. It was a change from the isolation in which they normally lived at Laragh sheep station.

Laragh was owned by Molly's father, Pat Regan, and his brother Tom. A scholarly old reprobate known as the Judge also lived at the homestead.

The oil prospectors were headed by a geologist named Stanton Laird: a serious-minded young man from a small town in Oregon. To him there was no place like Hazel, U.S.A. He had spent his last leave there, delighted to find that his boyhood friend, Chuck Sheraton, had obtained leave from the air force at the same time.

But during his whole leave, Stanton had not met a girl as pretty as Molly Regan. Now he was seeing a lot of her—unaware that their

He handed the bottle to Molly. It belonged to the boy lost in this wild country. And it was still wet!

growing friendship was being jealously observed. . . . David Cope, the young Englishman who ran nearby Lucinda, had been deeply in love with Molly for months.

Lucinda was a poor, drought-ridden station, very different from prosperous Laragh. David had been afraid to ask Molly to share his life there, but now Stanton Laird had come along. . . .

One night, driven by the fear of losing her, David proposed. And Molly turned him down. She was not yet ready for marriage, she told him. She had good reasons for not marrying, and David accepted them—but Molly lay awake for a long time that night, troubled and uneasy. . . . Had she made a mistake?

PART THREE

The Table Talk Of Mr. Mann

At Lucinda, David hardly slept at all. Towards dawn he fell into a restless slumber, but he was roused at seven by his aboriginal housekeeper who said that Jackie was waiting to see him.

Jackie was his half-caste overseer, who brought him a report of fifteen sheep dead around the No. 2 bore with fifteen hundred others looking on and not looking too good. One of the water tanks had sprung a leak and had wasted five hundred gallons in the night.

He put on his clothes, went to breakfast, and set about his daily work, jaded and depressed.

That afternoon he had a visitor, Mr. Duncan Mann, the journalist from Perth who was staying at the oil camp. His photographer had returned to the head office, but Mr. Mann had been instructed to stay on to cover the erection of the oil rig, writing feature articles.

On the eve of his return to Perth he drove over to Lucinda Station to say goodbye to David Cope, before starting off in his Land-Rover on the journey home at dawn next day. It had occurred to him that David Cope might make a feature article.

Over a cup of tea he set himself to draw David out, and David was so miserable, and the journalist worked with such skill, that David never realized that he was being interviewed at all.

He told Mr. Mann all about his upbringing upon the farm in England, about the family's emigration to the farm near Perth, Australia. Mr. Mann, warming to the story, set to work to draw David out about his father.

David said: "He was in the Black and Tans for a time after the war."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Mann.

"In Ireland," David said. "It was sort of being in the police, the Royal Irish Constabulary. Only they were armed like soldiers. It was a full-scale war against Sinn Fein, the Irish rebels. Worse than war, I think. Very bitter."

"What happened in the end?" asked the journalist.

"Oh, the Irish won. They got their independence."

Mr. Mann stayed for half an hour, bade David goodbye, wished him luck and a good rain, and went back to the oil rig for the night. He left at dawn next day and breakfasted at Laragh Station with the Regans.

Light conversation was not normally a feature of the breakfast table at Laragh and Mr. Mann found the atmosphere depressing. Thinking to raise interest and stimulate some small exchange of words, he said: "I looked in at Lucinda yesterday afternoon and had a chat with Mr. Cope. He was telling me about his father's time in Ireland."

Tom Regan spoke for the first time that morning. "And when would that one's father have seen Ireland?"

"After the first war," said Mr. Mann brightly. "He was in some sort of an armed police force, fighting the rebels."

If his intention had been to raise interest he had certainly achieved it. There was a pregnant

Mr. Mann had certainly succeeded in arousing interest. The three men stared at him and he became aware suddenly that he might be on thin ice

pause, and then Tom Regan asked: "And what rebels would they have been?"

Mr. Mann became aware suddenly that he might be skating on thin ice. "I suppose he meant the Irish when they were fighting for independence," he said.

Pat Regan laid down his knife and fork. "Was it the murdering Black and Tans that one fought in for the English?"

Mr. Mann wished very much that he had not raised this subject, but there was nothing to be done about it now. "That's right," he said. "Something to do with the Royal Irish Constabulary, I think."

"In the name of God," said Pat Regan, "do ye sit there to tell us that one's Dad was raising up the hand of murder against poor boys fighting to drive out the English from their country?"

"He didn't tell me what his father was doing in Ireland," said the journalist uncomfortably. "I've probably got it all wrong."

The Judge spoke for the first time. "It is a very long time ago," he said. "There is a Statute of Limitations, gentlemen, which states that no legal action may be initiated after a lapse of seven years. I would add to that, perhaps, and say that nothing really matters after twenty years."

The quiet, even voice went on. "I have proved that from my own experiences. And these events that you are speaking of were thirty years ago or more."

Pat and Tom Regan sat staring at the Judge. Pat said: "There's none the like of that one for black treachery, taking the hand of kindness, and the young girl off with him to the pictures in his jeep in the dark night, and he the son of a black-hearted Black and Tan."

The Judge said evenly: "He is an honest and a clean lad, fit for any girl to go with. Would you like to be judged now, Mr. Regan, for things your father did in politics ten years before you were born?"

There was a long silence. Then Tom Regan got up from the table and walked out without a word. Pat Regan said heavily: "Sure, it will have me destroyed entirely," and got up and went out after him.

Mr. Mann sat in silence with the Judge for a minute. Then he said: "I'm very sorry that I raised that subject."

"It will pass," the Judge said. "They live much in the past, very much in the past. But they will grow accustomed to the new idea, and they are both good-hearted men."

Mr. Mann got into his Land-Rover and went upon his way. . . .

At the end of February the oilmen commenced to drill. No ceremony marked the start of the hole; as soon as their somewhat complicated equipment was installed, the big three-wheel drilling bit was attached to the drill collar and with no more ado the drill began to turn.

At the end of March, Stanton Laird got a letter from his mother. It read:

My dear Son,

I'm afraid that what I have to tell you will be very bad news, because Chuck Sheraton was killed flying last week. Aimee came around last night and told us how it happened. It has been a terrible shock to everyone in Hazel and I am sure it will be one to you because you were such good friends with Chuck but God knows best. He was stationed at a Base called Harrisburg in Texas instructing cadets in night flying training and I suppose it was low test flying or something because they collided with a train.

Dan and Aimee have gone down to Texas. They rang Ruthie first and talked a while but they said she was all broken up. He did so well in Korea and then to get killed just on a training flight you just can't explain it.

It seems a dreadful thing that we shall never see Chuck again and I am so terribly sorry for poor Ruthie and all those little children-I don't know what they will do and nor does your father.

I am so sorry this news comes to you when you are so far away from us all. But now that you have decided to come home and help your father he is so busy making all kinds of plans and the house is full of catalogs of

dozers and graders and Euclids I wish I knew what they were all for.

I am so very glad you have decided to come home, son, because it is at times like this that all Chuck's friends should be in church together.

All our love, son, and come home soon,

Mother

When Stanton Laird got this letter he read it through twice in the privacy of his cabin. Then he went out, and took his jeep, and drove up on to the limestone ridge two miles from the rig. Here he read his mother's letter again.

Chuck was dead, and of all the men Stanton had met, in all his life, Chuck had understood him best; perhaps in turn he had understood Chuck best. The circumstances of his death were no mystery to Stanton Laird. Chuck had been killed in practising his own particular joke of "beating up" trains; he had met his death with laughter in his heart and one landing light on. In all his grief Stanton felt instinctively that it was better so. Chuck would never have grown old graciously, and now he would remain for ever young.

As he sat there, lonely in his jeep, he knew that he would never have so close a friend again.

He could not work that day. He felt a great need to find somebody to talk to about Chuck, someone who would understand. There was only one person in the district who would be willing to listen to him in his trouble; perhaps if he went over to Laragh Station he could find an opportunity to talk to her alone.

He got into his jeep again and drove down to the camp. He picked up three magazines to serve as an excuse for going over, and drove out on the graded road that led to Molly Regan.

As he drove up to the woolshed and the yards of Laragh he saw the men doing something with a mob of sheep held in the yards, and the huge, red-headed figure of Pat Regan with them. He hesitated, and decided that it would be discourteous to drive past, and so parked his jeep and walked across to where the grazier stood.

The old red-headed man stood hatless in the blazing sun, his grey collarless flannel shirt open down his hairy chest, one hand tucked into the leather belt that held up his soiled trousers, the other gently stroking the kangaroo mouse on his shoulder.

The geologist said: "Good afternoon, Mr. Regan."

"God save you," said the other. "Have ye come to tell us that ye've found oil down in the deep earth?"

STANTON shook his head. "Not yet. I brought some magazines over for Mrs. Regan and Molly."

"Ye'll find them within."

"You've still got the mouse, I see."

"Aye." The grazier put up his hand to the creature on his shoulder and rubbed its side gently with a gnarled forefinger. "Wait now, while I show you."

He lifted the mouse down from off his shoulder, set it gently on the ground and retired a few yards. There he squatted down upon one heel, and called quietly: "Hop—Hop—Hop! Hop when I tell ye, ye little blue-tongued divil! Hop!"

The mouse paused for a moment and then hopped towards him in two-foot bounds, hopped on to his knee, his elbow, and up on to his shoulder. The red-headed old man took the tin box of matches from the pocket of his belt and opened it, and took out a screw of paper laid on top of the matches. From this screw he extracted a few morsels of rotten beetle and cheese which he proceeded to feed to the mouse on his shoulder, swearing at it gently as he fed it.

The American said: "I'd have said it wasn't possible to tame a critter like that."

The grazier got to his feet. "Ye'll not see the like of it, not if you searched the whole wide world," he said with simple pride. "She's the kindest hopper in all West Australia, the kindest hopper this side of the black stump."

Stanton got into his jeep and drove on to the homestead. Molly appeared in a clean print dress. She said: "Why Stan—it's nice to see you! Come over for tea?"

"I guess so. I'm kind of upset today."

She glanced at him quickly. "Why—what's the matter?"

"I got bad news from home," he said. "Friend of mine called Chuck Sheraton. He got killed flying."

She said: "Oh, Stan, I'm terribly sorry! That's not the Chuck that you were telling me about?"

"That's right," he muttered.

"How did it happen, Stan?" she asked gently. "Don't talk about it if you'd rather not. . . ."

"I guess it kinda helps to talk to some folks," he muttered. "He got to beating up trains on one track lines, 'n' then last week he hit one."

She did not understand at all what Chuck had done; she only understood that Stanton Laird was in deep distress. She wanted to spare Stan the embarrassment of meeting her mother till he had got himself under control. The long open shed that housed the trucks and jeeps, the Humber Super Snipe that the hens laid their eggs in, and the workshop, was not far away; it was shaded and cool, and there they could talk undisturbed. She said: "Let's go over to the garage, Stan."

They walked together out into the blazing sun, and as they went he told her what had happened.

In the cool shade of the shed he finished his account. "I guess he had it coming to him," he told her. "It's kind of hard to take, though, all the same."

She let him talk on for a quarter of an hour, gradually calming down. In the end he said: "I guess I'll have to write to his mother, and maybe Ruthie, too. Apart from that, I dunno that there's much that anyone can do."

"There's nothing more you can do," she assured him. "It's the sort of thing that happens, and one's just got to make the best of it."

"Yeah," he said. "Just got to take it." He glanced down at her. "It's been mighty nice of you to let me talk like this. It kind of helps."

"I know it does," she said. "You've got to talk to someone." She had noticed that tea was on the veranda and that her mother was there with the children. "Let's go over and have a cup of tea."

"Just one thing." He took her hand and drew her to him, and kissed her on the cheek. He smiled at her. "That's for letting me talk."

She withdrew, flushing a little. "That's very sweet of you, Stan. But I didn't want payment just for letting you talk to me."

"I guess not," he said. "But I kind of wanted to pay."

Stanton Laird drove home that evening very much more at ease. He was immensely grateful to Molly, he hardly knew for what unless it was for her kindness in letting him talk. She was pretty, and young, and very, very kind.

He was tired when he got back to the camp. He did not want to meet his colleagues, and he was not hungry; he cut out supper altogether and went to his cabin. He dropped off his few clothes, lay down on the bed and pulled the sheet over him.

How kind that girl had been, letting him talk about Chuck! How sweet she had been when he kissed her! The kindest girl that he had ever met. The kindest . . . where had he heard that? The kindest. . . . Practically asleep, he smiled. The kindest hopper this side of the black stump!

All through April the drill bored deeper. The cores and the spoil brought up were more or less as Stanton Laird had forecast from his geological survey; he did not expect anything sensational before the end of May.

At the oil rig the labour was about seventy per

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Stanton, in deep distress, told Molly what had happened. "I guess he had it coming to him," he said. "It's kind of hard to take, though"

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Before leaving the depot, drivers check their vehicles for possible blemishes or mechanical faults

Brand new—drive with care

Four hundred men and women beat the clock, the weather and even crooks to deliver anything on wheels in first-class condition

by JOHN SANDILANDS

ON one of the coldest nights of last winter, a veteran delivery driver named Harry Campbell was given the job of taking a new four-hundredweight van from Bristol to Newcastle to catch an urgent export shipment to Scandinavia.

The van, fresh from the works, was without a heater or carpets, and a fault in the winding mechanism made it impossible to close the offside driving window fully.

In spite of the warning of snow and ice from the Automobile Association, Campbell set out on the three hundred mile run and made good time until he reached the Yorkshire moors. Here he encountered a full-scale blizzard with the snow driven in blinding gusts by a sixty mile per hour wind. The treacherous road surface reduced his speed to a walking pace, but he carried on, knowing that if he stopped he would be snowed up in the freezing vehicle.

Numb with cold, and with snow pouring through the half-closed window, he crawled on and reached Newcastle only twenty minutes after the scheduled delivery time. The journey had taken more than twelve hours.

An hour later, after a snatched breakfast, Campbell was on the train back to his depot at Oxford, to pick up his next job there.

Campbell, a silver-haired, distinguished-looking Scotsman who flew fighters in the first World War, admits that the trip was one of his toughest experiences, but regarded it as a routine hazard in the job of delivering cars.

He is one of four hundred drivers, including forty women, employed by the Car Collection Company, a firm specializing in the collection and delivery of vehicles from factory to dealer. Its depots at all the main centres of the motor industry in this country handle more than two thousand cars a week.

In the twenty-seven years since the firm began operating, its drivers have won a reputation for combating ice, snow, fog, rain and mechanical difficulties to deliver vehicles as far afield as Scandinavia, Germany, Italy, France and North Africa. The company claims to be the world's largest "on wheels" delivery service.

During a cold snap in February last year Campbell was one of four drivers who were halted at the foot of Shap Fell, in the Pennines, and told by A.A. scouts that the road was impassable because of ice. Campbell and his colleagues, determined to meet their delivery time in Inverness, roped the four cars together, protecting the bumpers and paintwork with folded raincoats. At a signal from the leading car they revved-up together and climbed the hill in caterpillar fashion. They were the only vehicles to get through until the following day.

Drivers have also to contend with the mechanical vagaries which some new vehicles develop on their first long road run.

A few months ago Campbell discovered during a night run to the West Country that the welding of the tank had developed a leak and that the rear of the car was swilling with petrol.

"At three a.m. on a lonely road I had the choice of staying put till morning or carrying on and risking a spark setting the whole car alight," he says. "I plugged the tank, knocked up a garage proprietor for a refill and drove on, but the last hundred miles to my destination were a severe strain."

PRIVATE cars provide the bulk of the Car Collection Company's business, but its drivers must be able to handle heavy lorries, buses, coaches, mobile cranes and a variety of other vehicles. In one week recently Campbell delivered a London taxi, a fire engine, a double-decker bus and a sixty-foot army tank transporter.

Drivers are sometimes faced with unfamiliar controls in commercial vehicles. One man, delivering a road-sweeper to Liverpool, couldn't resist the temptation to experiment with its apparatus. When he arrived at the delivery point he found that the mechanical brush had been working for three hundred miles and was practically worn out.

One of the most unpleasant jobs, especially in bad weather, is the delivery of vehicle chassis to coach-building firms. Without the protection even of a windscreen, drivers have become so cold that they have had to be lifted down from the driving seat in a sitting position until their limbs have thawed out.

Another handicap lies in the low speeds laid

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A speedograph records a vehicle's speed every minute of its journey. Robert Moore fixes one to Peggy Ledger's car

One-armed Chad Scarrott delivers an open chassis fully exposed to the weather—the collection driver's toughest ordeal

A FORTUNE FOR LOVERS

by GEORGE JOSEPH

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Gian was quite mad. He had staked everything on the lottery: job, reputation — even Paula

THROUGH the open window came the buzz of insects and the chirruping of birds. In the heavy atmosphere of the room the scent of melon flowers mingled with the less pleasant smell of the garlic that hung in balls of silver from the window-sill. Another smell, of cooking, wafted from the kitchen as Mamma Lotti fried the evening's ravioli.

Old Lotti finished counting the day's takings and, with a musical jingle, dropped the coins one by one into a large, dirty canvas bag, as though reluctant to let the money leave his fingers.

"It grows smaller every day," he sighed, as he had sighed for thirty years. "It seems that the people do not buy anything these days."

Gian turned from the window and faced his employer. He regarded the fat little man whose iron-grey corkscrew curls seemed to stick out around a tremendous bald space like straw out of the top of an olive-cask. "Signor Lotti," he said hesitatingly, "I have something to ask you. I——"

"Maria! You are going to ask me to increase your wages," cried Lotti, his thick eyebrows suddenly lost amid his fringe of curls. "I am losing money. No one buys tobacco any more. No one buys coffee. There's no profit on olives. The wine harvest was a failure. Soon I shall have to go to the alms-house—and you want more wages! You are an ingrate."

Gian waited until the tirade was over, a smile on his lips. "No, I do not want a rise," he said softly. "I wish to leave your employ."

Old Lotti gasped. "L-leave my employ!"

"Yes," said Gian. "At the end of the month I am to receive a large sum of money. There will be no need for me to work any more."

Old Lotti's manner underwent a swift change. "My dear Gian," he beamed, "that is good news indeed. I am growing old and it is time that I retire. I would sell, but only to you. With perhaps one million lire——?" Once more the old man's eyebrows were lost, but this time in inquiry.

"Ten million lire is the amount," said Gian carelessly.

For a moment it seemed as though Lotti was about to succumb to the apoplexy that had always threatened him. His face became scarlet. The veins in his nose stood out in thick threads of purple. With a trembling finger he loosened his collar.

"My dearest Gian," he whispered, "from the bottom of my heart I felicitate you." He regained control of himself and continued cunningly: "Perhaps an uncle of whose existence you did not know has died and left you this money?"

"No," said Gian with a gleam of even white teeth. "It is the lottery."

"The—the lottery?" echoed the old man uncertainly. "It is not drawn until the end of the month."

"That is true," Gian agreed. "But last night, my mother—the blessed Maria guard her soul!—came to me in a dream. She said: 'Gian, *mio*, tomorrow you must go and buy a ticket in the lottery. It will be drawn at the end of the month. You will draw a prize of ten million lire, my son.' So today I bought the ticket." Gian drew a slip of green paper from his pocket and waved it before his master's widened eyes.

"*Santa Maria!*" gasped Lotti.

"My mother—Jesus rest her!—" continued Gian, "has come to me twice in my dream before. Once she told me that old Cattini's barn would be burned on the morrow and the shock would kill the old man—and it was so. Then a year ago she came to me and told me that the old Don Pietro would die from a stroke on his way to church. When he did not appear next morning, I knew that he was dead. So I know that *mamma mia* will not be wrong this time."

"Madman!" whispered the old man. "Madman!" Then he leaped to his feet, his chair falling backwards with a clatter. "Before you have the ass, you buy the saddle," he screamed. "You are mad. Mad! Get out of here!" He advanced on Gian, waving a trembling fist.

Old Mamma Lotti came into the shop, drawn by the roars of her lord and master. In her hand she held a large wooden ladle. "What is it, Tonio?" she demanded. "What is it?"

"I will not come tomorrow," said Gian.

"Get out!" roared Lotti, advancing threateningly towards him. "Get out! You have lost your senses. You are mad. Mad!"

"What is it?" demanded the old woman truculently.

"His mother came to him in a dream," Lotti choked.

Without haste, Gian opened the door. Lotti

The story of Gi

s folly spread, and one day a little photographer came to the village. Everyone left work to watch the crazy young man posing so confidently

was muttering incoherently. The young man walked into the dying sunlight with a smile. At the crest of the hill he turned and saw Lotti locking his shop. Then the old man hobbled off, his squat little figure grotesquely silhouetted against the red-gold background of the evening sun. Gian raised his face to the sky and smiled.

In an hour all Parmo knew. The men thronged to the little inn where old Lotti was repeating the story anew for the benefit of every newcomer. The women of Parmo gathered in the main street about old Mamma Lotti, who was recounting the tale in her husband's words. "Before he has the ass, he buys the saddle. . . ."

All Parmo laughed. There had not been such a sensation since young Toscari ran off with deaf Lorello's wife, a matron twenty years Toscari's senior.

So, at last, the tale came to Paula—Paula, tall and deep-bosomed, with hair of deep black and clear green eyes that became clouded when she heard the story of Gian. "*. . . His mother came to him in a dream. 'Gian,* mio,*' she said, 'buy a ticket in the lottery.'*"

Paula knew where she would find him. With the mocking words and the laughter in her ears, she turned and ran stumbling over the uneven road. She found Gian stretched beneath a gnarled tree, lazily watching the breeze bending the long grass. "Gian! Gian!" she cried breathlessly, and threw herself on the grass by his side.

The young man smiled and took her hand in his. "What is it, Paula *carissima?*" he murmured.

"They are all saying that last night your mother came to you in a dream, that she told you to buy a ticket in the lottery, that you would win ten million lire, that you told old Lotti to go to the devil. . . ." She gasped for breath. "They say that before you have the ass, you buy the saddle."

Gian put back his head and laughed deep in his throat.

"Tell me that it is not true, Gian," beseeched the girl. "Tell me that they are only making up the tale."

"But it is true, Paula *mia,*" Gian murmured, stroking her hand. "Twice before she has been right. Last night she came to me and——"

Paula pulled her hand away and jumped to her feet. "Then it is as they say," she almost sobbed. "You have gone mad. Is it also true that you have thrown away your job with old Lotti?"

"But of course! Now there will be no need for me to endure such menial work. Soon I will buy fine clothes and a modern house for us, make good social contacts and acquire a post more fitting a citizen of property."

"Soon you will be a starving beggar," Paula retorted. "We shall have no fine house. Now that you have no job we shall never have any kind of roof over our heads. We shall never be able to marry." She closed her fists. "Perhaps it is because you do not really want to marry that you have done this mad thing. Perhaps I was a fool not to realize that long ago. I have waited too long for you, Gian, my friend. But I have some pride still. There are other young men needing wives. I will not sit like a patient lap-dog at your feet any longer."

"Patience, Paula *mia,*" Gian said. "Soon I will be able to buy you a beautiful betrothal ring. Not just a cheap little stone, but a fine one that you will be proud of."

"I would have been content with a cheap one. Now I know there will never be any ring even of the cheapest kind from you."

She turned and ran from him down the grassy hillock.

Gian looked after her and sighed. . . .

NEXT day, old Tippe with the clubfoot, who was shepherd to Signor Mario, the richest man in Parmo, limped into the village inn. Proudly he displayed new breeches, a shirt of fine silk and new shoes.

"Gian gave them to me," he exclaimed. "It is the suit that he was keeping for his wedding. He says that soon he will have much money and will buy clothes in Cremona."

There was a shout of laughter and the patrons crowded round old Tippe, plying him with wine and bidding him tell his tale again and again. There was more laughter.

In the evening, Gian himself came to the inn. He was smiling and happy. He bought

Beneath the tree on the hillock Paula found Gian—poor Gian! The night was soft, and he breathed deeply, sighing

everybody wine. "It is the money I have been saving towards Paula's engagement ring and our wedding feast," he explained gravely as he paid. "But soon I will have a lot of money."

Again there was laughter.

"Before you have the ass, Gian," cried Garcia, the *padrone*, "you buy the saddle."

The men roared, striking Gian lustily on the back, for they did not seem to tire of the words. And Gian laughed too, although a little sheepishly.

In the morning, old Lotti drove his cart, laden with olives, to Cremona. That evening all the newspapers in the city published the tale of Gian. They told how he had given his wedding suit to Tippe, how he had played host in the village inn because soon he would be rich, and how he had left Lotti's employ. By noon the following day the story had reached Milan, and that evening the *Figaro* of Naples published it.

And Gian spent the days lying below the gnarled old tree on the crest of the hillock, watching the grass, and the sheep, under the care of Tippe, covering the hillside like snow. In the evenings he came down to the inn and played host, spending the hard-earned lire that he had saved for Paula's ring and their wedding feast.

PAULA went her way with tight lips, seemingly deaf to the taunting laughter of the women. But at night her pillow was wet with tears, and the words she sobbed were: "Gian, *mio* Gian."

Then, one day, there came to Parmo a little dark man with laughing eyes. He brought a giant camera and said that he wanted Gian's photograph for the papers in Cremona. All the men left their work to see Gian pose for the photograph. He stood with his arms folded outside Lotti's shop, his teeth gleaming in a confident smile. Old Lotti was pleased, too, because his shop would be in the picture and he gave Gian a bottle of white wine and a big black cigar that had been in his window and had become tarnished by the sun.

When the photographer had gone and the crowd had dispersed, the old man placed a hand on Gian's arm. "Forget this madness, Gian," he begged, for his heart was big and he loved the young man as his son. "Come back and work for me again."

"You are kind but I cannot accept your offer," Gian said. "In ten days' time I shall be prosperous."

"*Santa Maria!*" screamed Lotti, "you are indeed mad! Get away from my shop!"

In the evening, the little parish priest sought out Gian, for Paula had come to confession that morning and had wept heartbrokenly. Gian was stretched beneath the tree. He sat up and greeted the *parroco* with a smile. All in Parmo loved the little priest.

"Greetings, my son."

The *parroco's* face was grave as he seated himself by Gian's side. For a long moment he did not speak, but his kind dark eyes studied the young man anxiously. The only sounds to break the stillness were the rustle of the grass in the breeze and the melancholy hoot of a distant owl.

"Gian," said the old man softly, "what is this I hear of you?"

With his head averted, Gian told his story. The priest caught his breath. "Gian," he said, "this is madness."

"It is not madness, Reverend. Twice my mother was right, and——"

"Gian, go back to Lotti's," pleaded the *parroco*. "He will take you back gladly. He told me so."

The young man shook his head.

"Paula loves you," continued the old priest urgently. "You were to have been married when the harvest was over. Forget this foolishness."

But Gian smiled and made no reply.

Troubled, the little priest rose and went away. And then, three days before the lottery was to be drawn, a man came to Parmo to see Gian. He was big and fat, with hard blue eyes. He was well dressed and on his fingers were many rings that gave out swift, dancing lights. The curious peeped from their windows and saw Gian and the stranger walking together in close conversation.

On the day that the lottery was to be drawn, Gian went to Cremona. The many that saw him go laughed and teased, but to these Gian replied, "I will bring back the ass for the saddle."

In the evening, Parmo knew that the prize of ten million lire in the lottery had been won by a rich woman in Rome. Once more the men gathered in chattering groups in the inn, but they no longer laughed, for their hearts were generous and they loved Gian. "Poor Gian," they said. "Poor Gian. It was madness."

"I will take him back to work for me," promised Lotti.

"But he has given his best clothes to old Tippe," said one, "and has spent all the money he had saved for Paula's ring and for the wedding feast."

"Poor Gian!" they said. "Poor Gian!"

And the women whispered: "Poor Paula! Poor Paula!"

BENEATH the tree at the crest of the hillock lay Gian, outstretched, his head supported on his hands. It was a clear, soft moonlight night. He breathed the scent of melon flowers deep into his lungs and sighed.

"Gian. . . ."

It was Paula. Gian stood up and faced her.

"Why, Paula *mia*," he inquired kindly, "have you come back to me?"

A sob broke from the girl. She seized his hand. "You did not win the prize, Gian."

"No."

"Then you will go back and work for Lotti tomorrow?" she asked eagerly. "He says he will take you back."

Gian laughed. "No. I will not go back and work for Lotti," he said lightly. "But I will buy his shop."

"Buy his shop!" the girl echoed. "You won a smaller prize, Gian?" Hope sprang to life again.

Gian smiled but shook his head.

"Then you are indeed mad," cried Paula fearfully. "What will become of you?"

"I am not mad, Paula," replied Gian in grave tones, "but I have four million lire."

"Four million lire?" breathed the girl incredulously.

"Yes. Four million lire," Gian repeated. "Three days ago there came to me a rich man from Milan. He had read in the newspapers of my vision. To him, once more, I told my story. At first he offered me a miserable one million lire for my ticket. I laughed at him. I reminded him that twice had my mother visited me with forecasts of coming events and that twice she had been right. He offered me two million, then three. I laughed at him again. Then he became frantic and offered me four million. Reluctantly—very reluctantly, you understand—I gave way."

Paula's eyes were wide with wonder.

"Many days ago the priest said: 'Faith breeds faith,'" continued Gian, half to himself, "and he was right. It is indeed true."

Slowly enlightenment came to Paula. "Gian," she said softly, "tell me truly, did the spirit of your mother come to you and tell you to buy a ticket in the lottery?"

Gian's eyes met hers gently, frankly. "No, Paula," he said.

The girl's face was grave. "It was not, then, an honest thing to do," she said.

Gian tried to look grave, too, but there was quiet laughter in his eyes. "The man who came was rich and greedy," he said. "It is not so very bad to be dishonest with people like that." He put his arm round her. "And I did it only for you, *cara mia*, so perhaps you will forgive me."

With his free hand, as he spoke, he drew from his pocket a ring. He drew Paula towards him and slipped the ring on her finger.

Paula looked at the ring. It gleamed softly in the moonlight. Then she looked up at Gian. And forgave him. THE END

STORIES BY TWO FAMOUS AUTHORS

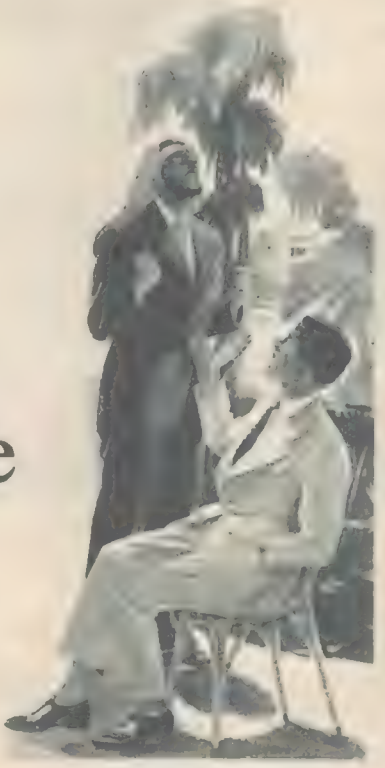
Revenge of the Bedouin

Mr. Kedayer had many enemies: there were so many reasons for his murder.... Another Inspector Chafik story by CHARLES B. CHILD

The Skipper's Wife

She hated the sea—it was her rival. It had taken two of her men, and now the third was in danger.... A new story by CLEDWYN HUGHES

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



A Chafik illustration by William Little

Dr. Fanstone X-rays a hospital patient. Thirty years ago he performed his first operation in Brazil on a kitchen table

The services of Fanstone's medical team extend beyond the Anápolis hospital. His nurses visit poor children at a clinic in the suburbs

Sixpenny surgeon beyond the Rio Grande

by DON EVERITT

Fees were low for Dr. Fanstone's first patients in a tropical mud hut in Brazil. The Englishman's hospital now treats 35,000 a year

IN Goiás, a town in the heart of Brazil, a tramp became crippled after a snake bite. The bite left the bones of his foot enlarged, twisted and stiff, and a severe ulcer developed on the leg. When the pain grew unbearable, the tramp mounted his old horse and rode to Anápolis to see an Englishman known to him as Doctor Jim. On the way, the horse stumbled and fell on the tramp, cracking the bones in his injured foot. It turned gangrenous.

The doctor found the tramp lying inside the gates of his hospital in a raging fever. He took him into the operating theatre to amputate his leg. That day the doctor's assistant had gone out of town and a chemist acted as anaesthetist. Midway through the operation, the tramp stopped breathing. Doing two jobs at once, the doctor managed to revive him and to finish the amputation. The tramp, whose faith in the English doctor had led him to ride from Goiás to Anápolis, a distance of 120 miles, recovered.

Across central Brazil, in the wild tropical area beyond the Rio Grande, the name of Dr. James Fanstone and his Hospital Evangelico Goiano are legendary. His patients, rich and poor, come from pioneer farms high on the great Plateau of the Deer Hunters, from the remote and primitive villages in the vast state of Goiás, even from Rio and Santos, seven hundred miles away.

Fanstone has the bubbling enthusiasm and nervous energy of a pioneer. Outside the operating theatre he does not have the steady hands of a surgeon but the quick, expressive hands of a man of ideas. He has a strong, angular jaw, and sharp eyes, quick to smile. He talks eagerly. He is square in the shoulder and well-built: his abiding mission in life has kept the years from his face and figure so well that he looks nearer fifty than sixty-five.

The story of Fanstone is the adventure of a man single-minded to the point of fanaticism. He was born to a life of dedication. The son of a missionary, he won at school a book called *The Romance of Missionary Adventure*. The stories fascinated him. One day, a worker at a Help for Brazil Mission meeting in London told the boy of the need for doctors in South America. He planned soon afterwards to become a medical missionary. He was then eleven years old.

He qualified as a doctor in London, but the first World War delayed his plans. After serving in the Medical Corps, he returned to London to study tropical medicine. He took a diploma in 1920, then spent six months on a Bible training course. During that course, he considered the need for a wife on the mission he faced.

"I knew a girl," he said, years later, "who was just the type I wanted. I had known her for many years, but I was a little shy of her. I wrote to her. When her reply came I knew the answer was favourable because, instead of the first two words being Dear Jimmy, they were Jimmy Dear."

The girl's father did not view Fanstone's proposal so favourably. "How are you going to get to Brazil?" he demanded. "How will you live when you get there?"

"With my mission in mind," Fanstone explained, "I saved most of my army pay. I have about a thousand pounds. A friend has also offered to send me a hundred and twenty a year until I establish myself."

"A hundred and twenty a year?" the prospective father-in-law shouted. "That's what I pay my chauffeur." But his daughter and Fanstone, both being of age, had their way. In the autumn of 1922 they sailed for Santos.

In Brazil the doctor, now thirty-two, spent two more years training, learning Portuguese and confirming his degrees in that language. At last, he got down to the real business he had worked towards for twenty years. Leaving his wife with friends, he took a train inland. When he came to the railhead, he rode with mule trains, hired a run-down Model T Ford, and went on foot.

He was looking for a promising place in which to set up his practice. As he travelled between the towns and the villages, Fanstone realized that the whole state of Goiás, with a population of a million spread over nearly half a million square miles, lacked a hospital, even a surgeon.

One night, in a derelict mud lodging house, he heard someone groaning nearby. The building had no ceilings and the partition walls stood only six feet high. In the next room, Fanstone found a young Brazilian with acute appendicitis. The local physician had been treating medicinally a case which had called for surgical relief more than a week earlier. Now Fanstone could do nothing.

He came to Anápolis. Seven hundred miles from the coast, the village of two streets and twelve houses stood on the mile-high 1,800,000-acre *Chapadã dos Veaderros*, Plateau of the Deer Hunters. It was a frontier post, a junction point for mule trains. Fanstone, visualizing that the village "could only go forward," decided to settle there.

He returned to tell his wife his good news, then took her to England for a three-month holiday. They returned to Brazil late in 1925.

In Santos, Mrs. Fanstone bought wicker furniture for her new home and ordered it to be sent to Anápolis. The journey there took the couple

The missionary spirit is still strong in the Englishman's medical work. Morning prayers are said each day by doctors, nurses and patients in hospital at Anápolis

four days. They arrived in the dusk of a dry, burning day. Since that morning they had covered forty miles along a dusty rugged trail through parched country. Before them now stood the dozen disreputable buildings of the village.

Two wooden carts trundled down the main street. Dr. Fanstone enthusiastically asked his wife what she thought of it. She took one look at the fat, greasy proprietress of the local boarding house where they had to spend the night, and burst into tears.

Some days later the wicker furniture arrived and the Fanstones rented a mud house. It had three rooms with boarded floors and a kitchen with a mud floor. Each room had an open window with shutters. The water came from a well outside; sanitation did not exist. Here and there the roof leaked where black carrion birds known as urubu had shifted the rough tiles with their beaks.

At the same time, the Fanstones took a larger, older mud dwelling for their first hospital. They strengthened it, rebuilt most of the roof, and whitewashed the cow-dung plaster on the walls. They made partitions to form consulting and examination rooms, a tiny operating theatre, two wards, a kitchen, and two sleeping cubicles for their first two nurses, a Brazilian and an American. While most of the building still lacked a roof, they took in their first patients, two children with cholera. One died.

FANSTONE did much of the carpentry and labouring himself. He made bedside lockers from sugar boxes. Mrs. Fanstone covered the beds with homespun quilts. The doctor performed his first surgical operations on a large kitchen table. He sterilized his instruments over a spirit stove and anaesthetized his patients with ether swabs. Soon, he designed and built for himself a wooden operating table. He equipped it for orthopaedic, pelvic and other specialized surgery.

The patients came in slowly, warily. The doctor charged a standard consultation fee of five milreis, then about sixpence. The poor paid what they could or nothing at all. Fanstone turned no one away. He worked especially hard to gain the confidence of the wealthy landowners. He needed their "private patient" fees to improve his hospital.

He worked phenomenally. He ran a travelling clinic. One evening a man from a distant farm arrived with two horses and begged him to return with him at once to treat his wife. The two men rode through the darkness and arrived at the farm soon after midnight. Fanstone worked for three hours saving the woman's life, then, overcome by fatigue and the night cold, collapsed on the mud floor of the house. In the early morning, he came to, had a quick meal, and rode hard back to Anápolis to open his morning out-patient clinic.

For months, Fanstone and his wife struggled grimly to establish themselves in a largely hostile community. They met powerful opposition from local superstition. When a soldier died after an operation one night, Fanstone asked the local gendarmerie to send a party to carry away the body. The doctor found himself being called a murderer who buried his victims before daybreak.

A tax collector entered the hospital to have his tonsils removed. Fanstone discovered too late that he had a haemophilic patient on the table. While the man bled almost to death before the doctor sealed the wounds, a mob surged in the compound outside, threatening to rescue the patient, lynch the foreigners and fire the building.

The inhabitants were, and still are, too ready to draw a knife or pull a trigger. A week has rarely passed in thirty years, without the hospital receiving a stabbing or shooting case. In those early days, Anápolis once had seven murders in seven days, including one by a police official who poisoned his wife.

In this atmosphere, Fanstone went about his business in perpetual danger. Once a bandit waylaid him as he bounced in his Model T along a rough and lonely track miles from Anápolis. When the doctor brandished his own revolver, the highwayman fled.

Fanstone suffered most from the schemes of a young Brazilian physician who came to practise in Anápolis. He spread slander about the foreign doctor and tried various means to have him run out of Goiás state. He almost succeeded when Fanstone employed another Englishman, Dr. Gerald Golden. Golden had no Brazilian degree and therefore could not legally practise as a doctor at the hospital. But Fanstone used him as an assistant.

One day Fanstone operated on a woman and told Golden to stitch the wound. A minute later, the Brazilian physician burst into the operating room with police witnesses. He accused Golden of breaking Brazilian law and Fanstone of aiding and abetting him. Fanstone claimed that any surgeon had the right to delegate certain tasks to an unqualified assistant, such as a student. The case went to the state high court.

Meanwhile, Fanstone, by hard saving, had begun to build a new hospital of bricks and mortar. He set up a man in business as a brickmaker by paying for his first thousand bricks in advance, and he employed two bricklayers, paying them daily. As the legal hearing drew near, the tiles went on the roof of the new building. Fanstone fully expected to be heavily fined, imprisoned, and deprived of the right to practise. But both he and Golden were completely cleared of the charges.

Nothing now could hold back the hospital. Its fame spread rapidly after Fanstone successfully operated on the wife of the mayor of a town a two day journey away from Anápolis. When the mayor, a wealthy farmer, told his friends, Fanstone soon found himself able to dispense with the £120 annual gift from Britain and to charge more of the handsome private patient fees necessary to expand the hospital.

Through the thirties and forties, he added maternity wards, a private patient wing, a six-storey nurses' home, a power house, a diesel

Mrs. Fanstone was a young bride when she saw Anápolis for the first time. She took one look and burst into tears

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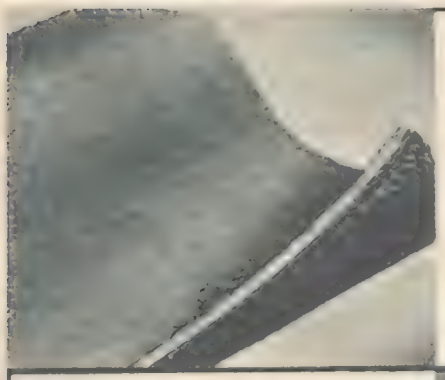

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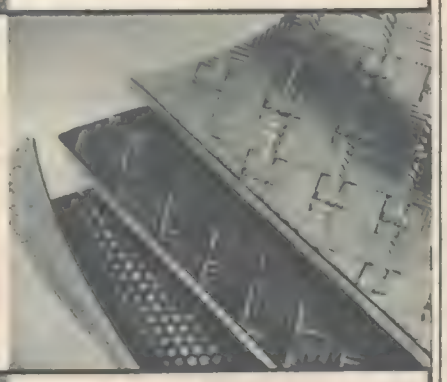

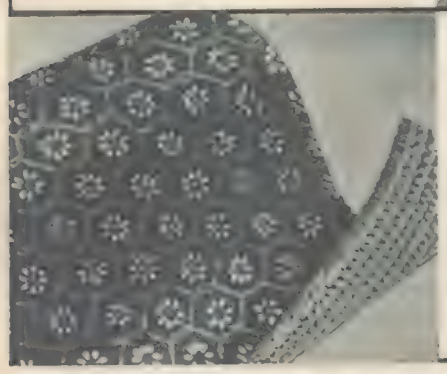

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kitchen, an electric laundry, a laboratory, a museum, and countless pieces of modern surgical equipment.

He himself has planned almost every building and fitting. The hospital, which today has a staff of a hundred and accommodates three hundred patients, gets its furniture from the workshop Fanstone set up, and much of its food from the farm he created. A few years ago he had a nearby valley dammed to make a boating and swimming lake for the hospital.

In the last thirty years, Fanstone has performed about 15,000 major operations in Anápolis. In 1954, he and his son, Dr. Henrique Mauricio Fanstone, who is slowly taking over from his father, performed 1,231 major operations. Altogether the hospital handled in one year 2,457 in-patients, 30,000 out-patients and five hundred midwifery cases.

Roughly one-third of the patients received free treatment, another third made a nominal payment, and the remainder, the farmers and traders, paid the fees which continue to support the whole work. The rising cost of living has pushed up the standard consultation fee to a hundred cruzeiros, about ten shillings.

In a widespread community still largely backward, Fanstone has never found doctoring easy. He gets a high proportion of what he calls cooked cases. These patients live with an ailment, often highly painful, until it completely immobilizes them.

Fanstone pays as much attention to what he calls spiritual healing as he does to physical surgery. He has always prefaced surgical operations with prayer and, every morning at eight, the doctor on duty holds a ten-minute service between the two main wards.

The Hospital Evangelico Goiano and its founder have played a large part in the growth of a town which, it is forecast, may one day become a new capital of Brazil. Today, Anápolis has a population of 50,000. As Fanstone foresaw, it is the centre from which Western Brazil is being opened up.

The Brazilian Government recognized Fanstone's work in 1948 when it made him chief medical officer of the vast farming development scheme just north of Anápolis.

The British Government also paid tribute to Fanstone when he received that same year the O.B.E. for his contribution "to the high prestige which British medical practice and nursing technique now enjoy in the interior of Brazil."

The dynamic doctor with the little mud hospital and its kitchen-type operating table has earned an important place in the history of a country which promises soon to be one of the most prosperous in the world. THE END

Crisis on the Turf

Continued from page 21

now, and of organizations which can speak and act for them. The days are gone when the jockey was the creature of the trainer who employed him. "And what is your weight, my little man?" said Queen Victoria to a jockey, on one of her rare contacts with the racing world. "My trainer told me not to tell, Your Majesty," replied the jockey with trembling loyalty.

A jockey's relations with royalty and society in general have changed somewhat since that time. When the Queen, in 1953, saw Pinza beat her colt Aureole by four lengths in the Derby, she called the winning jockey, Sir Gordon Richards, into the royal box to congratulate him.

Sir Gordon, who had never won the Calendar's greatest race in the course of his long and unexampled career, could not conceal his satisfaction but regretted that the colt he had to beat was Her Majesty's. "Never mind, Sir Gordon," the Queen replied, "we are not going to put you in the Tower of London for that."

Emmanuel ("Manny") Mercer, who rode seventy-six winners last year and eighty-eight in 1954, has no illusions about his trade. "You have to have the luck," says Mercer, "and a little ability, and the ability goes with the luck. There are lads who were apprentices with me who ride every bit as well as I. I got the horses, they didn't."

Mercer rode for the legendary Marcel Boussac, the French textile millionaire, last year, but has settled down in Newmarket this season to ride the horses of trainer Harry Wragg, whose daughter he married. Mercer, small even for a jockey, is lucky in another way—he need not worry about weight, as Lester Piggott or Charlie Smirke must. Smirke once entered a turkish bath in London at 3 a.m.; stayed there till the afternoon when he flew to York, rode his winner and was back in the turkish bath the same evening.

The necessity to waste can be dangerous in a profession which demands great strength and fitness. "Brownie" Carslake, one of the finest riders of recent years, died a year after retirement from debilitation brought on by forty years of wasting.

Jockeys are forbidden to bet, but owners can and do, and some part of a successful wager generally finds its way into the traditional jockey's "present."

"Manny" Mercer, although near the top of the tree, is far from being complacent about the future. His success, apart from the comfort money brings, has taken little from the hard discipline of his life since he was apprenticed. He must still go out on the heath in the morning. His horses have been good so far, but Mercer doesn't know when he is due for a losing run, a run which means scores of mounts without a winner. He's glad to be where he is, but he's keeping his fingers crossed. "You have to have the luck," he repeats laconically.

"Luck" is the word most heard in racing, and the only people who can do without it are the bookmakers. Racing exists by betting; England might be a nation of horse lovers, but the millions who watch racing every year do not go to the racecourse for the sole reason of watching "the noble animals striving for mastery." The turnover on the totalizator last year was £23,862,716.

How many scores of millions of pounds went through the bookmakers' hands on the courses and in starting price offices is not known with precision. Betting in England is full of paradox and anomaly. You may bet thousands of pounds with one of the bookmakers on the course, but may not send him a half-crown postal order at his office before the race is run.

Now all this is to be tidied up. The government is considering legislation which would permit off-course betting by post and the establishment of "betting shops," where punters could back their fancy over a counter in much the same way as buying a packet of cigarettes.

HOWEVER betting is organized or legalized in future, an almost unanimous opinion of racing people is that the bookmakers, who live by the Turf, should contribute more than they do to its funds. It is estimated that if about two thousand starting-price bookmakers contributed each as little as £3 a week, racing would be richer by more than a quarter of a million pounds a year. Such a sum would help racecourse executives to raise the prize money and encourage the owner.

Yet, without the bookmaker, racing would lose much of its tang. The brash, vital savour of the "ring" is as old as racing itself, as inseparable from the racing scene as the sweet smell of hay from a stable.

Racing here could be greatly improved. Its finances need urgent overhaul; its racecourses need modernizing, its administration could show more desire to march with the times. But the nature of our climate and pasture, our long history as the cradle and nurse of the thoroughbred, makes British bloodstock the best in the world. Because the only test of bloodstock, good or bad, is racing, it follows that there is little wrong, fundamentally, with the British brand. THE END

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Brand new

Continued from page 25

down for new engines which are not "run in." Except for sports cars and a few high-powered saloons, the Car Collection drivers are restricted to a maximum speed of forty miles an hour on a delivery run, and a recording instrument fitted to the speedometer provides customers with a check on their speed.

The instrument, known as a speedograph, traces on a chart the exact speed at which the vehicle has been driven for every minute of the journey. It is sealed between depot and destination to prevent possible interference by the driver. As a further inducement, drivers are paid only for driving time so that it is to their advantage to maintain a steady speed.

"In addition to these precautions, supervisors are constantly patrolling the delivery routes, watchful motorists are only too pleased to report cases of over-driving and at least one big manufacturer employs 'spies' in private cars to check on speeds," Campbell says.

Every care has also to be taken that cars are handed over in factory condition and even scratches and dents have to be paid for by the company.

Members of the Car Collection staff have frequently been approached by car thieves along their routes. Kemys Morgan, now assistant manager at the Oxford depot, once rejected an offer of £500 in notes to turn a blind eye while the Vanguard he had parked outside a transport café was driven off.

Drivers who are given the job of delivering expensive saloons and high-powered racing cars admit that they are often tempted to offer friends and relations a run, but they are prevented even from picking up hitch-hikers by the distinctive, red-bordered trade registration plates fitted to the delivery vehicles.

The conditions on which these plates are issued would be contravened if such passengers are carried. The driver would be punished and the employing firm fined.

Campbell, like most of the delivery drivers, regrets the ban on hitch-hikers. "Loneliness and boredom are one of the biggest drawbacks of the job," he says. "Anything that stops a driver from nodding over the wheel on a long run is welcome."

The Car Collection staff are carefully chosen for their driving experience, and there is a lower age limit of thirty to ensure a maturer mental approach to the job. Before acceptance, applicants are given a stiff test by a leading driving school on both private cars and commercial vehicles.

One of the best drivers at the Oxford depot, who is entrusted with special deliveries of high-powered sports cars, has only one arm. The firm is never without applications from women drivers and they are regarded as quite as competent as the men.

Before the war, Campbell drove all over the Continent, the Far East and America on business trips, and also took part in rallies and speed trials with his own racing car.

When the war broke out he volunteered for the R.A.F., rose to the rank of wing commander and was awarded the O.B.E. On his discharge he went into car delivery. "It was the only job I could find where both age and experience were welcomed," he says.

Today, he drives between 1,500 and 2,000 miles a week and earns an average wage of £15. Drivers who concentrate on a succession of long runs can earn more. One of Campbell's colleagues collects more than £20 a week by driving up to Glasgow every day, returning by sleeper at night.

THE problem of return journeys where no delivery cars are available is one of the biggest that faces the Car Collection Company's office staff. The firm spends more than £100,000 a year on railway fares.

Although the firm handles thousands of vehicles annually, accidents, even minor ones, are a rarity. Last year Campbell's depot had only two serious crashes and thirty minor cases of scrapes and bumps.

The skilful handling produced by years of experience frequently minimizes damage when an accident is inevitable. Last year Campbell was climbing a hill in South Wales in torrential rain when an articulated lorry skidded as it approached and came towards him broadside and out of control.

As the huge vehicle slithered across the road, Campbell spotted, out of the corner of his eye, a narrow gateway on his near side. Swinging hard on the wheel he drove into it and watched the lorry pass within a foot of his car.

"The gateway didn't improve the look of the paintwork," says Campbell, "but it saved the car and probably my life as well."

THE END

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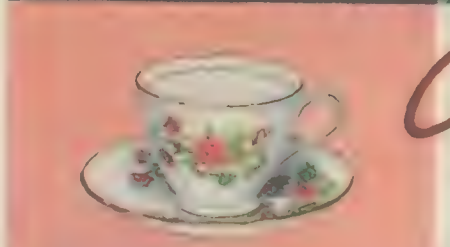

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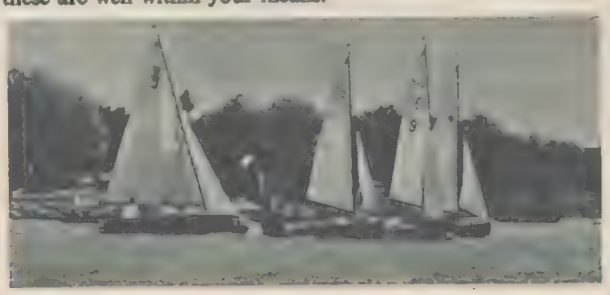

The Royal Air Force *Flying ...and a career*

Beyond the black stump

Continued from page 24

cent Australian, working under the expert direction of the Americans. By paying a wage unprecedented in Australia the Americans had induced Australians to work as enthusiastically as the Americans, and had persuaded them to work through all the many Australian public holidays.

Labour Day and Australia Day had been worked normally at the oil rig, but Anzac Day was approaching, and the oil company had been briefed by the Bureau of Mineral Resources that this anniversary of the landing of Australian and New Zealand troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula in 1915 was in the nature of a holy day. There might be real trouble reverberating through the whole of Australia unless work stopped for Anzac Day.

"I guess this Anzac Day must be kind of like the Fourth of July, only a darn sight more so," said Spencer Rasmussen, Stanton's colleague. "We never stop for Independence Day."

"I'd say it's more like Easter Sunday," said Stanton. "Sort of a religious day. Clem Rogerson from Mannahill, he's going down to Perth for it. Seems like on Anzac Day they get up and parade in the middle of the night, 'n' stand to arms at dawn, just like they did then before the assault. It's just the same as a religious ceremony, kind of a midnight mass."

"Well," said Mr. Rasmussen in wonder, " what do you know!"

He was willing to co-operate, however. He made arrangements with the Australian foreman to paint a scaffold pole white and to set it up as a flagstaff on a piece of level ground for the Australians to parade to before dawn. A baseball game followed in the morning, a cricket match in the afternoon, and a good deal of beer in the evening. Next morning at eight o'clock the drill began to turn again.

Communications from the oil-rig went by telegram via the Flying Doctor radio service. After the medical calls upon the morning schedule the oilmen, in turn with the station owners in the district, would dictate telegrams to the radio operator in Hastings who would pass them to the post office.

That morning Mr. Rasmussen sat waiting patiently with a telegram in his hand, while the radio operator at Hastings, a Mr. Jerry Lee, took down a number of telegrams from various stations.

Mr. Rasmussen sat in the office where the set was now installed, with Stanton Laird nearby standing at his drawing-board and poring over the most recent core analyses.

They were listening idly while one station sent a telegram, when a voice broke in, and said:

"I tell you, 'e's cut his bloody throat."

Mr. Rasmussen blinked. "What in hell was that?"

In Hastings, three hundred miles to the west, Mr. Jerry Lee was alerted, and began transmitting. "All stations off the air, please. Will that station please come in again and give station identification. Everybody silent, please."

There was a long silence. Presently the voice said again: "'Ullo! 'Ullo!" And then, evidently to someone standing by the set, "The bloody thing ain't working."

Mr. Lee came on the air at once. "This is Six Easy Dog, Hastings Flying Doctor Service. We have received your message about somebody who cut his throat. Now I want you to tell us the name of your station and some more about what happened. When you want to speak turn the little switch low down on the left-hand side to Trans, and directly you've done speaking turn the same switch to Rec. Don't touch

---

Anthony Borgia's book, *Life in the World Unseen*, which was mentioned in JOHN BULL dated April 3, 1954, has now gone into its sixth impression. A new book by Mr. Borgia, *More About Life in the World Unseen*, is now on sale at all booksellers, price 7s. 6d.

anything else on the set—it's going fine. Over!"

The voice said: "'Ullo! This is Bert Hancock, at Mannahill. We got a bloke here cut his throat and Jim Copeland's gone off into the bush. 'Ullo! Did you get that?"

Jerry Lee came in at once. "Flying Doctor here. I got your message. I'm going to switch you through to the doctor in the hospital in a minute, but first of all, you said somebody had gone off into the bush. What was that? Turn your switch to Trans now. Over!"

The voice said: "Jim Copeland. Went off in the middle of the night sometime. Left a note on the cookhouse table, said he was going back to London. Cookie found it 'bout an hour ago. I'll turn the knob now."

"Flying Doctor here. Was this man Copeland walking or riding?"

"Walking, I'd say. 'E got a bit full last night. We all got a bit full."

Mr. Lee lifted his post office telephone, got through to a doctor in the hospital, and switched the reception on his radio through to the doctor, monitoring the conversation from his set.

The doctor said: "You say this man cut his throat?"

Bert Hancock said: "That's right, Doc."

"Where is he now? Over!"

"Out on the veranda, Doc. We got him sitting up, but it didn't seem right to move him."

"Tell me how long the cut is. Is it still bleeding?"

"I'd say it's about four inches, Doc. It's bleeding pretty fast still."

Three hundred miles from the patient, the doctor mustered all his energies to help. He said: "Now look, Mr. Hancock. I'll come out as soon as I can get the aeroplane, but first of all you've got to get that bleeding stopped. Have you got a needle and cotton?"

"I've got a hussif, Doc."

"That's fine. Now what you've got to do is this. Take your needle and thread it double, and tie the ends of the cotton together. Then you've got to sew up that wound in his throat just as if you were sewing up a tear in your trousers. You've got to pull the edges close together, and then make the cotton fast. Then you must get a pad of linen to bind over it. Make bandages and wrap them round his throat to keep the pad in place.

"You'd better keep him sitting up, and keep him warm. Don't give him anything—no alcohol. Now, can you do that? Over!"

There was a long silence. Then the voice said: "I dunno, Doc. I can't stand blood."

In the office at the oil rig Stanton said quietly: "Maybe some of us should go over, with the first aid kit."

Spencer Rasmussen said: "Take quite a while. The airplane with the doctor would make it 'most as soon. Hold it a few minutes."

Over the air the doctor said: "You've got to do that, Mr. Hancock. If you don't the man will die. I'll be out with you in about three hours' time. Over."

The voice said reluctantly: "I'll try it, if you say."

The carrier wave stopped, and there was silence. Then another voice broke in, and it was the courtly, refined tone of the Judge.

"This is Laragh Station, Six C.O. We have heard the whole of that. Mr. Pat Regan and Miss Regan are leaving at once for Mannahill with medical supplies. They think that the journey will take them about an hour and a half in the jeep. I am afraid those poor boys must have been terribly intoxicated. Over!"

Three hundred miles away Jerry Lee

BEAUTY—1

Beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

Henry Fielding

By Appointment to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
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Young James has never once regretted advising his father to buy the new Austin Westminster. She holds the road well, corners firmly, gets away nippily at the lights. The steering is as steady as a rock at high speeds. The windscreen is good and large. There is room and to spare in the boot. What's more, as James never tires of pointing out, the Westminster has four gears, six cylinders, good lines and ample elbowroom, kneeroom and headroom for five people. James, in fact, is proud as punch of his new Austin Westminster. So is his father. So are the rest of the family.

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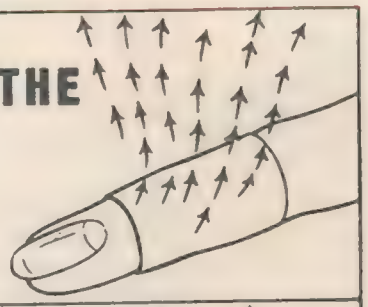

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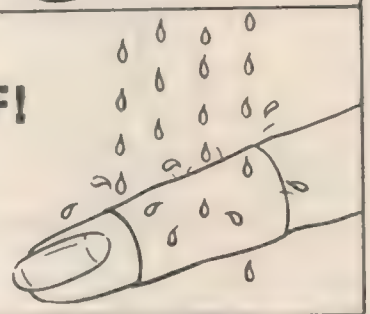

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Elastoplast Airstrip is made of a wonderful new plastic that is microporous — porous enough to let wounds breathe, yet completely waterproof, too. What's more, Airstrip looks and feels just like your own skin — and is so comfortable that you hardly know it is there! Airstrip is washable and therefore remains neat and clean. Elastoplast Airstrip dressings really "stay put"; don't get dirty round the edges and when removed, leave no unsightly plaster marks. Test new Elastoplast Airstrip for yourself!

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Now—*three* kinds of Elastoplast. New Elastoplast Airstrip, 1/-, 2/-, and the famous Elastoplast Fabric and Elastoplast Waterproof Dressings, 9d., 1/6

said: "Thank you, Six C.O. I will tell Mannahill when they come on again. Listening out."

At the oil rig Stanton said: "I guess I'll go over, take Tex with me. It might look bad if we didn't show up to help."

Mr. Rasmussen nodded, turned his switch, and said: "This is Six Q.T., Topeka Exploration. We heard all of that. Mr. Laird and one other are leaving for Mannahill right now. I guess they'll be there in about two hours. Over!"

Jerry Lee said: "Thank you, Topex. I'll tell Mannahill. Listening out."

Stanton went off to find Tex and get rolling on the new road to Laragh and Mannahill. Spencer Rasmussen sat on by the radio set. Presently Mannahill came on the air again. "This is Bert Hancock here. I think he's dead, Doc."

The doctor asked sharply: "Did you do what I told you to do? Did you sew up the wound?"

"There didn't seem no call to, Doc. He ain't breathing."

A somewhat macabre discussion followed. The doctor was at first disinclined to believe Mr. Hancock and to go and make him do as he was told, but finally he came round to believe that the man probably was dead. That belief raised problems of a different order.

"There'll have to be an inquest," he said, "and that means that I'll come out and do a post mortem before you bury him. I'll come out right away in the aeroplane. I'll bring the constable if I can get hold of him, but I think he's out of town."

The radio drama was over, and Mr. Rasmussen was able to dictate his Topex telegram to Jerry Lee. On the ground, the drama was by no means over; the sense of it was strong in Stanton Laird as he swung the jeep to a standstill before Laragh Station homestead, in a cloud of red dust.

They did not stop for long at Laragh

BEAUTY—2

Beauty is all very well at first sight; but who ever looks at it when it has been in the house three days?

G. B. Shaw

Station, but the Judge was able to give them a little more information about Mannahill.

"I understand that Mr. Rogerson employs four white men," he told them. "He had a married foreman in addition, but he left last month. I have not heard of an appointment to succeed him. Perhaps it was unwise of Mr. Rogerson to leave the station in the absence of a foreman. . . . But then, of course, it was for Anzac Day."

"Sure," said Stanton. "Who was this guy that cut his throat?"

"I think perhaps that was a man called Airey. He was a saddler and harness maker, a very depressed little man, and with a terrible weakness for strong drink."

"Well, who's Jim Copeland, then?" asked Stanton.

"He is an English boy, jackarooing. I think he has only been in Australia for a few months. Perhaps he was homesick."

"What's jackarooing?"

"Working as an apprentice, to learn the work."

Stanton thought for a minute. "There's Bert Hancock, who was on the radio. How many others are there there?"

"I think only the station cook—of the white men, that is to say."

"What's his name?"

"They call him Fortunate. I never heard him called anything else. Perhaps that is his name." He mused for a moment. "If I were to hazard a guess," he said mildly, "I would say that he is an Englishman who had jumped his ship, as they say here. Mr. Rogerson once told Mr. Regan that Fortunate was most reluctant to go off the station, from which he assumed that he was probably in Australia illegally."

"They seem to be quite a bunch of boys at Mannahill."

"No better and no worse than on any other property in the north," the Judge said. "I am inclined to think that Mr. Rogerson made a great mistake in leaving them without a foreman."

Stanton Laird drove on to Mannahill with Tex, with a slightly enhanced opinion of the Judge. Beneath the ageing and dissipated exterior there was still a good deal of shrewd common sense.

He got to Mannahill at about noon. There he found the Laragh jeep, and a good deal of activity going on. Pat Regan, for once without his mouse, was riding on a horse controlled only with a halter, and with two coloured stockmen he was driving a small mob of horses from the horse paddock into the yard, swearing at them volubly. Molly Regan was carrying saddles from the harness room to the yard.

She broke off when she saw the oilmen. "Oh, Stan, I'm glad you've come," she said. "They're in the hell of a mess here."

"I know it," he replied. "We heard the radio, and came on over." He glanced at her. "What are you doing with the horses?"

"It's this boy Copeland, the jackaroo. We've got to find him—he's out somewhere in the bush. Dad says he'll probably be dead by sunset."

The tropical sun blazed down on the red, arid land out of a cloudless sky, brazen and pitiless. "Six or seven miles, and then you're finished, in the heat of the day," she explained. "Dad says he'll be walking in a circle, but he might have got a long way out from here during the night, keeping straight so long as the stars lasted."

Stanton nodded. "What can we do to help?"

"I don't know—the country's too rough for your jeep. Can either of you ride a horse?"

"Why, certainly," Stanton said. "I can ride."

"Really ride, Stan? Well enough to ride with us all day?"

"Certainly," he repeated. "I was raised on a ranch, back home in Oregon."

"Of course—I was forgetting. Well, that makes one more man. What about you, Tex?"

The electrician shook his head. "I never rode no horse."

"Well, that makes five of us, with the two coloured boys. I'll tell Daddy in a minute. We'll want a lot more people. I think you'll have to sit by the radio, Tex."

"Okay."

Stanton Laird asked: "What's happened to the man who was here—Bert Hancock? And there's a cook here, isn't there—a man called Fortunate?"

"Bert Hancock's flat out on his bed, dead to the world," she said succinctly. "Dad threw a bucket of cold water on him, but he just slept on. Fortunate's walking about, but he's no good to us."

Pat Regan rode up to the rails and slipped from the horse, agile in spite of his seventy years.

"Well, Glory be to God, I'm glad to see you, Mr. Laird," he said. "Ye'd not see the like of this between Dublin and County Kerry, or in the whole of United States of America, either."

"Stan can ride, Dad," the girl said. "Ride well. Tex can stay with the radio."

"Isn't that a great mercy, now?" He swung round on the coloured boys. "Saddle up one more horse. Five!" He held up all the fingers of one hand, counting them and the thumb. "Five horses." He climbed the rails of the yard and came to the jeep. "We'll go up to the homestead now the way we'll see if we can talk to anybody on the wireless," he said. "It's ten more men that we'll be after needing, with their saddles."

They got into the jeep and drove on to the buildings. They stopped at the bunkhouse, a row of single cabins opening on to a common veranda with a messroom and the kitchen at the end. On the veranda was a trestle table with

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

NEW PLANTS FROM OLD

Now is the time for a cheap and simple way of restocking herbaceous borders. When I lift clumps of lupins, delphiniums and other perennials to divide the roots I cut off the light green side-shoots, which gardeners often throw away, and use them as cuttings.

Shoots about three inches long on the outsides of clumps are the strongest and best. I make the cut parallel with the main stem, and as close to it as possible. The cutting is then dipped in hormone rooting powder and planted to half its depth in equal parts of soil, sand and peat in a frame—four sides of a shallow box with a sheet of glass on top will do.

Cuttings will soon take root and should be ready for transplanting into the border in three or four weeks.

Readers are invited to send their own original, practical and topical gardening hints to Percy Thrower. Every week from April 28, John Bull *will print a hint chosen by Percy Thrower, with his own expert comments, and will pay five guineas to the reader who sent it. Address your hint to Percy Thrower, Your Garden And Mine,* John Bull, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

the body on it covered over with a sheet.

Pat Regan strode into the end cabin. Bert Hancock was there on the bed, snoring heavily. The red-headed old man lifted him by the collar of his shirt and dealt him four stinging slaps upon his face. The head sagged from side to side, but the man did not rouse.

The grazier threw him back upon the bed, lit a wax match from the tin box held in his belt, and held the little finger of the man's left hand in the flame. Hancock muttered in his sleep, but did not rouse.

"Sure, he's a grand sleeper!" Pat said in disgust. "It's the gin and the whisky does that to a man," he explained to Stanton. "Ye'd never see a man the way he is on rum. The rum's a kindly sort of drink, and easy on the stomach."

They drove on to the homestead. The liquor store at the end of the homestead veranda had been broken into, and there were bottles everywhere, half-full bottles of spirits, empty bottles, broken bottles; the place was in a terrible mess.

The office door that opened on to the veranda was swinging open, the lock smashed. They went in there and found the wireless set. Tex slipped into the seat before it and found it was already switched on; Bert Hancock must have left it so. There was still current in the battery, however.

"This is Mannahill," he said. "Mannahill Station calling. Will anybody listening come in? Over!"

Immediately Jerry Lee came in; he had evidently been keeping a listening watch. "Hastings Flying Doctor here, Six Easy Dog. Receiving you Mannahill, strength three. Pass your message. Over!"

Pat Regan took the microphone and explained the position. He learned that the doctor was in the air and on the way to them; he should be with them in about an hour. Stations around would be notified that more riders were required at Mannahill immediately. If possible Jerry Lee would get a radio message to the aeroplane in the air, telling it where to land in order to pick up more riders with their saddles. It was arranged that Tex would remain at Mannahill on listening watch.

They left Tex at the homestead, and drove back to the yard. The horses were ready for them, and the old man set the order for the search. The coloured boys, of course, knew every inch of the property and were in no danger of getting lost. He himself would not get lost, but did not know the property. Molly would not get lost if she were given a road as a lifeline. Stanton would be useless on his own.

"Sure, and the boy might be any place," Pat said. "And maybe not upon his feet by now but crept into a bit of shade."

He sent one of the coloured boys to the west to work through to north. He himself took the sector from north to east, because that was in the direction of Laragh and he knew the country better on that side. He sent the other coloured boy into the sector from east to south, and he sent Molly and Stanton to ride together in the sector from south to west because the track out to the coast ran through that sector like a backbone, and Molly knew the track.

"Ye might find him out along that way," he said. "Drunk as he was, maybe he took the road. Don't stay by the road, for he'd be after leaving it as soon as he got crazed. Watch the road, though, the way you'd see his footmarks in the dust."

Molly and Stanton Laird rode out south-west along the track. They cantered for a few hundred yards, but the sun blazed down and very soon the horses had had enough and they slowed to a walk.

As they cantered the girl watched the American furtively, to see if he could really ride. She was pleased to see that he rode well and had his horse well under control. The oil geologist had told her nothing but the truth when he had said that he could ride all day.

They rode in silence, Stanton busy with his own thoughts. At first he was concerned only with the mastery of the strange horse and the strange saddle and the strange bridle, but being satisfied with those his mind turned back to the last times he had ridden with Chuck back home in Oregon.

In this country, harsh and arid as it was, Chuck might have found fulfilment. Here, Chuck would have found no need to beat up trains at night with one landing light on to achieve a little excitement in a humdrum life of training flight cadets; his daily living might have given him the adventure that he needed.

He turned to the girl, to share the thought with her. "You know somethin'?" he said. "I believe Chuck would have liked this country."

She raised her eyes from the dust that she had been studying for traces of the jackaroo.

"Whatever put that into your head?" she asked.

"I dunno," he said vaguely. "I

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[NCT 87]

guess things happen here that he'd have known how to handle."

They rode on together down the road. They stopped after an hour and took a drink from their water-bottles; then they decided to ride out and go parallel with the road, one on each side of it, keeping in sight of each other but perhaps a mile apart.

She rode off on the left-hand side, and he to the right. He watched her as she went, a small girl in overalls and a big hat, on a big horse. How well she knew the country, how very, very competent she was! And what a girl!

They rode on like that for about an hour, and came together again on the road to compare notes.

"I don't see that we can do any better than go on as we're going, Stan," Molly said. "We must be about seven or eight miles out, I suppose. He could have walked as far as this by night, quite easily. I'd like to go on for another couple of hours, say till five o'clock. We'd better turn back then, but we'll have the road to go home on."

"That's okay with me, Molly."

They separated again. An hour later a dry, sandy river bed crossed the road, a river that ran only in the wet; they rode across this and came together on the road again to compare notes.

"We'll give it an hour more," the girl said. "Come back on the track at five o'clock. If we've not seen anything by then we'll call it a day."

The sun was already starting to decline towards the horizon. Stanton Laird sat in his saddle, gazing down the track that wavered unsteadily to the south-west. He did not answer, but sat motionless.

The girl glanced at him, and asked: "What are you looking at?"

"I was just wondering what that might be in the road," he said. "See the first kind of wiggle? Well, on past that, the tree on the left. Just a little way past that."

She saw the object that he meant, half a mile away.

"It's a stone," she said.

"I guess it might be," he admitted. "But it's kind of rounded for a stone in these parts, and they're mostly red." He moved his horse on up the road. "I'll just take a look."

She followed him. As they came closer the stone turned into a water-bottle with a webbing shoulder strap.

STANTON dismounted stiffly, for the strange saddle was galling him, picked it up and gave it to the girl. She pulled the cork out; the bottle was empty. She put her finger in the aperture. "It's still wet inside," she said. "He must have come this way. Well, now we've got to find him."

They rode out again on each side of the road. In a few minutes she shouted, and he rode across to her. She had dismounted, and he found her examining an elastic-sided riding boot.

"His?" he inquired.

"Must be," she said. "It's what they do. They start throwing off their clothes—when the skin stops sweating."

She looked around, hesitated, and placed the boot in as prominent position as she could upon a clump of spinifex. She mounted again. "I don't believe he's very far away," she said. "Look carefully in every bit of shade, Stan."

He studied the ground. "I guess this is the trail," he said. "I think he went this way."

They rode on slowly, peering between the clumps of spinifex for any sign. Then they found a khaki shirt on the red earth. The next thing they found was a wide-brimmed hat, about a hundred yards away.

A quarter of a mile farther on, upon a trail that curved around towards the river bed, they found a pair of drill trousers abandoned on a patch of bare earth. Stanton dismounted and put the trousers very prominently in a stunted tree, mounted again, and with the girl began to ride around slowly in ever-widening circles. Twenty minutes later the girl raised her arm, and called, "He's here, Stan!"

He rode across to her, and they dismounted. The body of the boy lay motionless, stark naked, beneath a clump of spinifex. He had burrowed into it along the ground like an animal, parting the coarse, thorny grass, so that only the legs were left out in the sun, the skin dark red in colour, and shiny. They tried to pull him out but the muscles tightened convulsively and the hands clutched the grass.

"He's alive," the girl said. "Look, let's cut it away from on top of him. Have you got a knife?"

"Sure," he said. He pulled it out, and began to cut away the grass above the body.

The sun was getting down to the horizon, mercifully, when they got the boy out of the bush. The body was scratched and torn and the tongue seemed to fill the desiccated mouth, apparently bitten through. But there was still life there.

They lifted him and laid him in the shadow of Stan's horse, and tried to force water down his throat. Much of it was wasted, trickling down the chin and neck.

Watching it trickle down outside the face for the fourth or fifth time, Stan said: "Maybe we should go easy on that water. There's not a lot left in my bottle."

She said: "We can get more from the river."

"It looked pretty dry to me."

She looked up at him, smiling. "Of course it looks dry. But the water's there all right, under the sand." She considered for a minute. "Do you think we could get him to the river, Stan? It's only about a quarter of a mile."

"Why, sure," he said. "I could carry him that far, or we could put him on a horse."

She nodded. "If you could carry him, I think it would be better. I'd like to make a camp down by the river, where there's water. We can't be more than a mile from the road. If we make a fire, somebody will come out looking for us with a truck sometime during the night. I'd like you to collect his clothes, though, first of all."

She bent to the boy again, and for

BEAUTY—3

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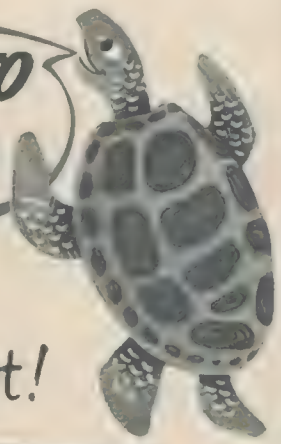

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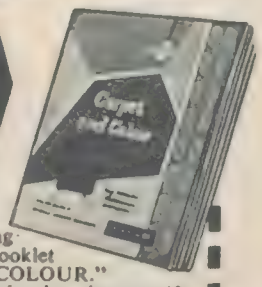

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the first time saw a convulsive movement of the throat. "He swallowed a bit then."

Stanton went off and returned after a quarter of an hour with the shirt, trousers, hat, and one boot; he had not been able to find the other boot, and had not wasted time in looking for it. He found that Molly had unsaddled her horse to get the saddle blanket; she had wrapped the damp, sweaty thing around the scorched body of the boy.

"He took a little more water," she said. "My bottle's finished now. Could you carry him as far as the river?"

He bent and picked up the young man. It was a quarter of a mile to the river bed and the lad weighed more than ten stone; Stanton put him down once for a spell, then picked him up and went on. The sun was very near to the horizon when they got to the bank.

STANTON began to dig down in the sand at a spot picked by the girl as being probably the centre of a pool. Before he had got down a foot the sand was moist; at two feet there was water in the bottom of the hole, and by enlarging it he could fill the water-bottles. They drank deeply themselves and refilled the bottles, and went back to the boy.

The girl stooped, and managed to force a little more water down the boy's throat. They unsaddled the other horse and took the saddle blanket for a pillow. They stood together for a moment looking down on him, both knowing that he was very near to death.

"It's the skin," she said quietly. "He's so terribly burned. . . ."

Stanton nodded. "I guess we'd better make that fire, while there's still light enough to see."

They made the fire out in the middle of the river sand, mindful of starting a bush fire, and they made it big to serve as a beacon. When that was going, they lifted the boy and brought him closer to the fire. They judged him to be conscious now, but the swollen tongue still made it impossible for him to talk.

Presently Stanton said: "You know what? We're going to be mighty hungry before that truck turns up."

She laughed; now that night had fallen their bodies craved the refreshment that they did not need in the heat of the day.

"I'm hungry, too," she said. "We've just got to grin and bear it, Stan."

They sat together in the firelight under the stars, rising every now and then to feed a little more water into the boy, or to put on more wood. Once Stanton said, laughing: "I guess I've never been so hungry in my life."

She laughed with him. "It's the way it is here," she said. "You aren't a bit hungry in the daytime, but then as soon as it gets cool you're famished." She turned to him. "Come on and sit down and let's talk about something to take our minds off it."

"Okay," he said, settling down beside her.

They sat together in the quiet of the outback night before the glowing embers of the fire. She kept him talking, and he needed little encouragement to tell her all about the country that he loved so well.

"It sounds marvellous," she said. "When do you think you'll be back in Hazel, Stan?"

He was silent for a minute. Then, "It depends upon the well," he said. "Right now it doesn't look so good."

"You mean, you're not going to find oil?"

"I wouldn't say that," he told her. "We got some gas last week, and we thought maybe there'd be oil there underneath the gas, 'n' we got all het up about it though we didn't say anything. But all we got so far is traces in the shale, traces that show up on a water test or else in the laboratory, but not enough to get excited about. Nothing to come up liquid to the surface."

"If there's no oil there," she said. "What will you do?"

"I guess I'll resign my job with Topex," he said, "'n' go home and help my father."

"Help your father in the business, like you told me?"

"Uh-huh. He wants me to help run the auto business, so he can go earth moving."

Sitting in the quiet night with her, he told her all about it again. "That way I might be home around July," he said. "I'd kind of like to do that, go home and live in Hazel. I guess I've had my fill of hot countries, in the oil business."

She said quietly: "And if you strike oil, Stan?"

"I guess if we strike oil here in the Lunatic it might be so important that they'd put in someone over me to take care of it and expand the field," he said. "I'd like to have it that way, of course—to go out with a success behind me here. But I don't somehow feel it's going to be like that. I reckon this is a dry hole."

"Even if you find oil, then," she said, "you'd resign just the same?"

He nodded. "I guess so."

She said quietly: "We'll all be terribly sorry to see you go. It's made a tremendous difference to the Lunatic, having you all here. You can't think what it's meant. But from your point of view, I do see it, Stan. In your shoes I should just be itching to get back to Hazel, and when I'd got there I'd never leave it again."

"That's the way I feel, mostly," he said. "And yet in some way I just can't bear to go."

"Why?" she said. "What's so attractive about this place?"

He said simply: "You!"

To be continued next week

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Great day

Continued from page 13

the policeman. "A Cadillac—or it used to be!"

"Whereabouts are they now?"

"At the other end of Elphinstone Street."

"Can I arrange police protection for my godown?"

"I'm afraid they're all occupied trying to put out the fire at the government godowns."

"Oh Lord—have they burned them?" He looked over the buildings on his left and saw a heavy column of smoke. "Good grief! All that rice! Why on earth did they do that?"

"They couldn't have known what was in them, sir. The buildings are all but destroyed. Rice is going to be scarce after this. Where is your godown?"

"In Garden Road. Look, I'd like to go and satisfy myself that they're well away from it."

"Well, I can't stop you, sir. Would you like a constable?"

"Wouldn't help."

There was something eerie about motoring down a silent Victoria Road on your own in broad daylight. He could hear the crunch of glass under the tyres and occasionally a head appeared in an upstairs window.

He drove on down past the Paradise Cinema and over the tramlines. Now he could tell from the growing volume of noise that he was getting near to the crowd and so he slowed right down. All he wanted to do was to get to the end of the road. As long as he could see the godown he would know if the stocks had escaped destruction, for there was only the one door through which the rioters could enter—provided they hadn't burned the place down.

Men in dirty shirts and *lungis*, furtive creatures in the shadows, watched him pass, but for the moment he wasn't worried by individuals. A large gang was all he had to fear.

FINALLY he reached Bunder Road and stopped. Garden Road opposite was clear—and the godown was intact! Down to his left the rioters and police were fighting in pitched battle, and the air was heavy with the sweet, sickly odour of tear gas, making his eyes smart.

A police motor-cycle was in the hands of the mob, who were making futile attempts to set it on fire. Finally one of them punctured the petrol tank with a pick and several were injured when someone lit a match.

In the meantime the police threw tear gas bombs, which the rioters pounced on and promptly threw back. An interested crowd at a safe distance stood idly watching with handkerchiefs to their noses.

Ian just happened to glance at the car mirror, and gasped. In taking in the crowded scene he had completely forgotten the shady characters behind him, and there were twenty or thirty of them in a bunch coming towards the car.

Goondahs! Thieves, murderers—the criminal *jhat*, born to violence. He wheeled the car about with the tyres squealing, just as they were on him. They scattered, but flung their bricks and *lathis* at the car. As these thundered on the metal, Ian hunched his shoulders and drove straight on. He heard the crash as the rear window went, and then he was clear of them.

But not quite, for there, a hundred yards ahead, fair in the centre of the narrow road, was another madman with a bottle in his hand. Ian drove the car straight at him, praying the man would get out of the way, but holding grimly to his course. Just as he was right on top of him the *goondah* hurled the bottle and jumped aside. Ian kept his foot hard down on the accelerator, ducked his head and closed his eyes tight as the windscreen burst into jagged fragments and splintered over his head and shoulders. When he looked up again it was barely in time to save the car from ramming a lamp-post. He swerved back to the centre of the road and then was really clear.

"I told you so," said the policeman at the top of the road, with about a hundred gaping spectators behind him.

Ian grinned. "No damage the insurance company won't pay for, sergeant," he said.

"You've cut your ear, sir."

He looked in the mirror. "So I have; nothing serious." He dabbed it with a handkerchief. "I'll make a report down in McLeod Road *thana*."

"I'd be glad if you would."

Ian drove off, wiping his ear. It was only a nick. And well worth it, he said to himself, for now he was ready to do business, big business, with Mr. Rashid Khan.

Funny how any shock to his nerves like that aggravated the old wound in his hand. The damned thing was throbbing away now. . . .

That was the last time he had been involved in violence, the time he got the wound in his hand. It had happened just north of the Sangro, when they came up against the German 90th Light Division, their old enemies from the Western Desert.

They fired barrages all night, every night, but the Germans stayed. When it wasn't a barrage, it was harassing

BEAUTY—4

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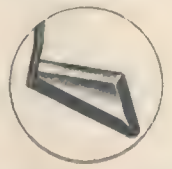

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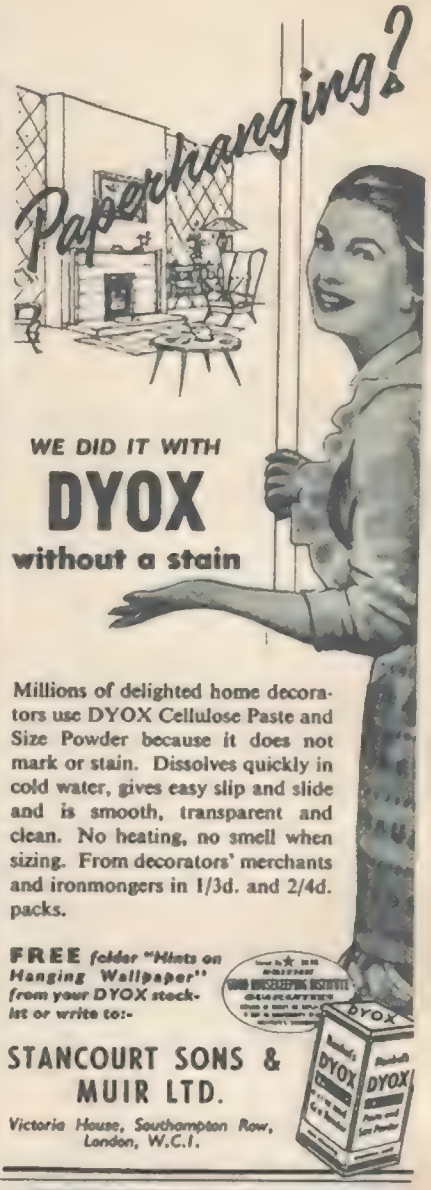

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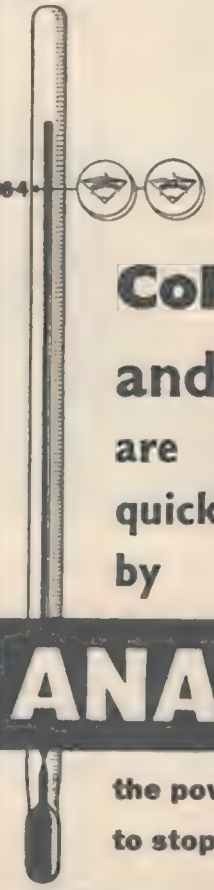

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fire, which was better because two men could fire the gun while the others caught up on their sleep. . . .

"You must write," she said in the letter. "I understand why you haven't, but please write to me as soon as possible—and as often. You can help me a great deal, and I shall be bitterly disappointed if you don't."

And so he started by sending a cable, and found the war easier to bear over the next year by having an outlet, a channel of expression, in letters to her. And there was warmth and gentle encouragement in her replies.

He remembered playing a piano in a villa by the gun position before the attack at Forli. His fingers were stiff and sore from digging and from work on the gun, but he played Tchaikovski's sad little melody as a matter of course and found the Gershwin fresh in his mind.

The piano was surprisingly well cared for, the only item of furniture left in the house, being too heavy for the Germans to take with them. His music suited the mood of the troop and quite a few of them sat around listening. That morning two of the detachment on Number One gun had been killed when a 'shell exploded prematurely in the barrel, and the rest of the crew had been badly injured.

Wet primer caused misfires, too, which were not so unusual but more feared, for there was a frightening moment each time when you pulled back the cocking lever, wondering if the gun would go off in your hand. The gun drill book gave a safer system, but it took too long.

He went straight from the piano into the gunpit, and ten minutes later the divisional artillery opened up.

It was a miserable black night and he sat in the rain on a cartridge case at the back of the pit, the gun programme in a celluloid cover on his knee, flashing a lamp on the programme and his watch, and shouting orders at the top of his voice.

The first hour passed. The rain poured down. The crew were wet to the skin. They moved like machines. "Stand by. . . . Fire!" Watch the flash. "More one. . . . Oh minutes. Stand by. . . . Fire!" Flash.

Even the ammunition numbers on their toes now. "Stand by. . . . Fire!" Flash; but not too fast. Someone may fall on to a ton of barrel recoiling at thirteen hundred feet per second. "Stand by. . . . Fire!" Flash. If a shell goes out at thirteen hundred what speed does the piece come back? "Stand by. . . . Fire!" Pretty fast, anyway!

There was no flash that time.

The layer turns around and shouts. You can't hear him, but you see his mouth move over the word: "Misfire!"

Dump the programme on the seat. Now you've got to pull it back. See them all stop still and look at you doing it. Why didn't you get Number Two to do it? You made the rule, so obey it. Left hand on the cocking lever, fingers around it. You'll still be able to play treble chords. This will make four hundred and eleven. Now heave!

Then he felt the great gun jump under him and a steel giant wrenched his arm out of his shoulder, tore the fingers away from the flesh of his hand, crushed his cheek bone and threw him like a broken doll on to the back wall of the pit. . . .

He rubbed the gap between the fore and little fingers while he drove the car down McLeod Road. His thoughts dwelt on the rice now. It would be interesting to observe developments. Possibly messages at the office would show him how the land lay. News travels fast in Karachi.

"Mr. Rashid Khan rang," said the Kiamari clerk. "He said he wouldn't be able to visit you this morning."

We shall see, he thought. Aloud he said: "No other messages?"

"No, sir."

"Any more clerks turned up?"

"Only the peons."

"I see."

There was nothing to do, and so he got out the correspondence register. He was half-way through the job an hour later when the head peon brought in Rashid Khan's card. Now, he thought, the fun begins. "*Unko-salam-do*," he said to the peon and Mr. Khan appeared.

"Good morning, Mr. Muir," he said.

They shook hands. "How's business, Rashid?" Ian asked. He offered Khan a cigarette and lit it for him.

Rashid shrugged his shoulders and sat down. "The market goes very high when news is slightly good, and very low when news little bad. What is the word?"

"Sensitive. Like a cat's tail."

"Ha-ha! Like a cat's tail. So business is uncertain due to supersensitive market—worse even than Bombay."

"Still, some commodities are stable. Cotton to Japan's all right."

"Yes, true. And jute is good—in spite of the bad *Bharatis*. But as you know, I am an importer, and the Open General Licence will cease soon. Fortunately there is plenty of rice."

Now they were on to the right track.

Rashid said: "I rang you this morning to tell you I could not see you, but you had not arrived. I had received an instruction to see the Exchange Control, and one must obey."

"No trouble, I hope?"

"No. Fortunately it was a short interview and so I came to see you anyway."

This was a lie, obviously, for he knew it took at least two hours' waiting to see the Exchange Controller. So Rashid *had* intended to revoke his offer.

Rashid asked: "Is your stock ready for delivery?"

He replied: "Yes. I have just this moment inspected it."

"So I heard." News travels fast in the bazaar.

"However, I must tell you that when your message came through I concluded that you did not want to buy, and so I have been in touch with one of the other tenderers." *That was a lie, too, but a white one*, Ian said to himself.

Rashid Khan raised an eyebrow and inclined his head. There was no way of telling if he was pleased or sorry. "I hope you are getting as good a price as mine," he said.

"I've got an excellent offer. Rice appears to have a sensitive market."

Rashid chuckled. It was a genuine laugh. He was a wealthy man, and he enjoyed wrangling of this nature with someone who understood the way to go about it, even if it did reduce his profit.

"The school fees go up, the students riot, and the price of rice increases," he said. "Economics in Pakistan are very complicated."

He was still chuckling. "Like a cat's tail," he added, and laughed again. He took out a dirty handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "The other offer was how much?"

"It was a hundred per cent on your price yesterday, but it was a question of payment over a period," Muir said.

"Naturally I have not accepted because I want payment now."

"At what price?"

"Twenty-four rupees a maund." He knew that Rashid would get about thirty.

"And the discount?"

"No discount."

"If it was ten per cent I would write you a cheque."

"Twenty-four rupees."

"Less five?"

"Less two and half." He smiled as he made the concession. It saved a lot of time. "That makes it, let's see," he made a calculation on his blotting paper, "—seventy thousand two hundred."

Rashid Khan took out his cheque book and his fountain pen and wrote a cheque, and passed it over.

"You forgot the two hundred, Rashid."

Rashid shrugged. "A slip of the pen!" he said and they both laughed. Nice old boy Rashid, even if his methods were a little doubtful.

It had been a hectic morning, but a successful one, having made the firm an extra twenty-two thousand rupees. Ian went out to the main office and found the solitary clerk practising typing while the peons slept on a bench by the door. There was no sense in continuing without staff, so he told them to go home. Then he put on his coat and went out.

He drove down the safe end of McLeod Road, over the bridge, and turned left towards the hotel; parked the car and went into lunch. After lunch he ordered a hired car for two o'clock, went up to his room, turned on the punkah and lay down. He usually slept for twenty minutes but today his mind was full, reliving the past, excited. . . .

He remembered arriving home on the hospital ship, so excited that he forgot his wounds—the scar that ran from his eye to the corner of his mouth and the shoulder newly mended with the bones set and the muscles reforming. He could nearly obliterate the thought of the empty knuckles, covered with scarlet weals, by wearing a glove, but when he wanted to wave he was reminded of it, and he dropped his arm so that the hand was hidden.

She was on the wharf, unchanged in two years, except for faint traces of shadows under her eyes. He wanted to throw his arms around her for joy at finding her unchanged but, sensitive to pity, he contained himself and greeted her awkwardly and formally.

They smiled at each other and exchanged the customary useless questions and answers. Then they caught the train to her home. They sat by themselves looking out of the window at familiar scenery; at the sheep and cattle in the fields, the museum and the university on the skyline, the stretch of the harbour to the north shore and the grey islands beyond; then inland to the rivers and poplars and broad plains, yellow where the sun had burned the grass and green in the gulleys and watersheds.

They said very little. Their separate sufferings had given them a sure bond that required few words.

After a while he needed a cigarette and in lighting it could not avoid revealing his gloved hand. She watched him light it and, watching the hand, saw that it functioned correctly and without any pain. Then, before he realized what she was doing, she took off his glove, ran her fingers tenderly over the shiny new skin, and thereafter held the hand gently but firmly in her own. If there was pity in her action she disguised it well: all he felt was that he was accepted. . . .

It was nearly two o'clock. He got up and had a shower. Returning to the room he dried himself under the fan. Then he sat down with the towel around him and smoked a cigarette. His hand was beginning to itch.

The bearer had laid out fresh clothes, a clean shirt and a Palm Beach suit. He dressed himself carefully and went down. The hired car was waiting for him, and he drove out of the hotel compound, along past the Thole Produce Yard and beyond the Gymkhana into Drigh Road. As he drove, he looked at himself in the car mirror and saw that three years had softened the scar on his cheek into no more than a dent in the flesh. His shoulder gave him no trouble at all; and, while there was not much they could do about the fingers, the skin on the knuckles was clean and neat now.

He stopped a mile along the Drigh Road and inspected the new bungalow from the car. It stood clean and white in the sun, a home instead of the room in a hotel which he had lived in all this time.

He had had quite a battle with the directors over buying the place. You weren't supposed to ask for a house on your first tour. However, the new branch had been making a wonderful profit and so he had managed to persuade them to disregard one or two clauses in his contract.

He started the car and continued on, down Drigh Road. Just as he came in sight of the airport he heard her plane overhead and put his foot down hard. He could feel the sweat trickling down his temples and his heart thumping inside him. The gap in his hand was throbbing painfully now. THE END

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 49

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

BEAUTY—5

As a beauty I'm not a great star,
Others are handsomer far;
But my face—I don't mind it
Because I'm behind it;
It's the folks out in front that I jar.

Anthony Euwer

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JB.1,

"May I borrow the car, Dad? I don't want to get your dinner jacket wet"

This is *my* life

Continued from page 17

some way to prove that a top radio series doesn't necessarily convert into a successful music hall show. Our Tuesday night show at the Wood Green Empire coincided with a big fight broadcast, and the theatre was like an echoing desert.

We appeared at the Chiswick Empire during the Wimbledon fortnight, and one of the competing players, an Irishman called Murphy, offered to get me a player's ticket. On the morning of my intended visit to Wimbledon, however, Grainne turned up unexpectedly in London after a holiday in Spain. When I rang Murphy to explain, he said: "Okay. Bring her along. We'll meet at the main gate and see what we can do."

Centre Court seats were as hard to come by as B.B.C. engagements, and Murphy asked if I would be willing to try a bluff.

I agreed, and so did Grainne. Murphy had two lapel tickets attached to blue string. He handed one ticket to Grainne, kept the other himself, and gave me the string from his ticket. Grainne led, I followed, and Murphy brought up the rear. The gateman saw Grainne's ticket, caught sight of my blue string, and the auto-suggestive stratagem worked. We took seats in the competitors' section.

My life was so barren socially at this stage that Grainne's arrival and the outing must have gone to my head. I decided to demonstrate my worldliness and my improving professional position by taking a party to a night club for dinner. I had never even seen inside one of these places, let alone entertained guests there. As well as Grainne, I invited Murphy and another friend named Ken Riddington, and their girl friends.

Suddenly, I was overcome by the realization of what I was leading myself into and, thinking that Teddy was worldly-wise enough to get me out of any scrapes that might arise with the waiters, I added him and his wife Dorise to the party. All through the evening I was vaguely uncomfortable, feeling sure that I would mix up the ordering, or make a *faux pas* with the staff by undertipping or overtipping. When the bill arrived, I was incredulous. I have never attended a night club since as a client.

Although I did not mention it, the thought of marriage occurred to me for the very first time during this visit of Grainne's. I was not really sure about her feelings, and I wondered if she regarded me as just another of those confirmed Irish bachelors who instinctively go into slow motion whenever matrimony looms up. In fact, I never have considered this characteristic to be to the Irishman's credit; next to the Great Famine of more than a hundred years ago, it is the main reason for the under-population from which Ireland suffers. Nevertheless, now was no time to be considering marriage. I first had to get my prospects on a surer footing.

My experiences with the stage version of *Ignorance Is Bliss* had only served to sharpen my caution. We had to take a cut in pay, and in Leicester business was abysmal. In the town's other theatre a farce in which a fellow-Irishman, Dermot Walsh, had a part was also taking a caning. When I went to a matinée performance, there were only four or five rows of people. In the dressing-room afterwards I felt sorry for Dermot and his fellow-players, who included Brian Rix and Wally Patch. I might as well have saved my sympathy, for the play was *Reluctant Heroes*, later to become as much a part of the London scene as the Tower of London. At the time, though, it made me think seriously about the gamble of show business.

I was more than ever ready to listen to Teddy Sommerfield's advice when I got back to London at the end of the run. He had fixed a number of B.B.C. auditions and introductions for me, and as I was leaving his flat, he said: "There's one thing I've got to say. Remember you're not in Ireland any more. You're in London. You're in business. You must be on time for appointments. Don't give us this Irish habit of turning up two hours late."

The last remark infuriated me, but I meekly concurred. All the way back to my room in Bayswater I reflected on the words, and boiled up inwardly because unpunctuality had never been one of my failings. Of course, it was well-meant advice, and without Teddy's drive and shrewdness I would doubtless have returned to Ireland for good long before the tide began to flow. Come to think of it, the same Teddy has yet to be on time for an appointment with me.

For a long time, things went very badly. Not a single engagement came up for weeks, even though I was prepared to take on anything the B.B.C. would offer, and when I was given a short story reading for seven guineas it seemed like success. I continued to live on what I had managed to save from the *Ignorance Is Bliss* tour, and when the opportunity came to commentate on the Irish Cup Final at Cork one Sunday for Radio Eireann I leaped at it. The match was drawn, which meant that I would also have to be back in Ireland the following Wednesday for the replay.

On the Tuesday night I had another story reading for the B.B.C., which I dared not sacrifice, so I arranged to catch an early morning flight to Dublin until I realized that this would not leave me enough time to cover the 166 miles from the capital to Cork. The only possible way was to catch a Pan-American plane that was stopping at London and Shannon, which would leave me only a seventy-mile drive in Ireland.

I had to be at Victoria at 6.30 a.m. Leaving myself with half an hour to get from my "digs," I set out hoping to hail a taxi; but there was none in sight. With the seconds ticking away, I halted a noisy, broken-down lorry that would never have survived an efficiency test, and offered the driver ten shillings to take me to Victoria quickly. The lorry seemed to have no brakes, and I was sweating in sheer terror all the way. At Victoria, an airline clerk said that, because I had left no telephone number, he had been unable to inform me that the flight was held up for twenty-four hours.

Desperately, I tried to phone Aer Lingus, but no one was on duty, and eventually I hired a car to rush me to Northolt in the slight hope that a passenger would have cancelled his seat on the Dublin flight. Luckily, one had: I wired Radio Eireann to find a driver named Joe whom I knew to be the only man in Ireland capable of getting me from Dublin to Cork in time for the kick-off.

Joe was there with his powerful Dodge when I landed. He drove with all the combined qualities of Stirling Moss and Sheila van Damm, and we were making fair time and had got

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 47

A POLICEMAN'S power to control traffic extends to pedestrians as well as motorists, says a barrister-at-law. The woman crossing the road in the sketch could be charged with wilfully obstructing the constable in the exercise of his duty. But though a motorist who disobeys a traffic policeman's signal is liable, on a first offence, to a £50 fine, a pedestrian cannot be fined more than £5.

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within sixty miles of Cork when there was an almighty explosion as a back tyre burst, and the car careered wildly. Luckily, there was no one else on that country road. I was silent more with panic at the possibility of being late for the commentary than with fear.

Joe leaped out. "Now don't worry, Eamonn," he said. "Don't worry. I'll have this changed in four minutes. Time me if you like." He took precisely four minutes to put on the new wheel.

There were three minutes to the broadcast when I picked up the microphone in the commentary box. "Give me a test," the engineer said. I was so excited that in picking up the microphone I missed my grip and it dropped and broke. We got a replacement just in time. . . .

Back in London, I continued to see producers in pubs, coffee houses and their offices, and never a thing did I get as a result. Ken Riddington had offered to let me share his room in his mother's guest house in Bayswater. I was asked nothing for lodgings, but chipped in with the food. When it came my turn, I went out into Queensway, to the shops and market stalls, and bought tinned meat, onions, cheese, milk, radishes, a head of lettuce and sometimes celery—and mounds of potatoes.

In the tiny kitchen, I would make a pot of stew, and usually there was enough to last ten days. I ate some every night, though as time went on it became rather soggy and finally had the texture of sodden cardboard. Whenever it showed signs of losing some of its taste, I topped it up with fresh potatoes and carrots to give it a lift.

By now my total resources, including the clothes I stood up in, were probably not more than £20. There were days when I would walk the two and a half miles to Broadcasting House to save the bus fare, and in making telephone calls from my "digs" I would make a note in my diary to pay the twopences at the weekend in case the little money I had should be needed for an urgent appointment with a producer before then. Yet always the answer was the same: "Sorry I can't use you in my programmes for the moment, but I'll probably get in touch with you."

ALL through this bitter winter of my life, I was busy giving displays of nonchalance, hints of hidden wealth and now and then took the line, as a defence when all seemed lost anyway, of I-don't-know-if-I-can-fit-it-in. These, the surest signs of an out-of-work actor, of the show business character who hasn't a single engagement between him and his Maker, probably deceived no one, least of all a sharp-eyed Scot named Angus Mackay.

Angus, editor of the B.B.C's *Sports Report*, was the first ray of warmth for a long time, but with a pauper's pride I was ready to put up the defence when we were introduced by Brian George in a pub close to Broadcasting House. It transpired that Angus, hearing me some months earlier on *Ignorance Is Bliss*, had wondered whether my voice might be useful for his programmes; but, in the way these things happen, he had forgotten all about me until he had spotted me with Brian one day. He had asked if I was the big Irishman from *Ignorance Is Bliss*, and suggested a meeting.

I was ready now for the usual producer's get-out, but Angus concluded our talk by saying, "Come along on Saturday and see how we do it. If you think you can manage it, I'll give you one of my programmes to compère." In addition to *Sports Report*, he also had *Sports Parade* and the General Overseas Service feature called *Sports Review*.

It was like hearing Gabriel's trumpet call.

I watched through a glass panel in the studio as the assembled sportsmen analysed and dissected that day's sport, and I felt inescapably as if I were in a lunatic asylum. Cutting across the four broadcasters' conversation was a persistent, unidentified noise. Angus made frantic signals through the glass panel, but no one paid any attention. He peered at each speaker in turn, then whipped suddenly through the studio door and began crawling across the floor on hands and knees like a dog searching for scraps. Somebody was tapping the discussion table with his knee. Angus located the offending leg, gripped the ankle and pinned it to the floor. It was plain to see whose leg he held from the expression of alarm that crossed one speaker's face.

"Well," said Angus after the broadcast, "do you think you can do it?"

"Yes," I said, "providing I may wear shinguards."

The next Saturday, November 25, 1950, I compèred *Sports Review* for listeners in Australia, New Zealand, South America and other faraway places.

"Can you do *Sports Report* on the Light Programme on December 9?" Angus asked.

At last, I was in; soon, I was taking turns with Raymond Glendenning on Saturdays as compère of *Sports Report*. I was still earning only twelve guineas a fortnight, but the stew did not have to last quite so long any more.

One Saturday, with a football commentary to do from Chelsea, I worked it out that there was just time to get back to Broadcasting House after the game for *Sports Report*. At Stamford Bridge, the commentary box stands about forty or fifty feet off the ground, and access is gained by means of a ladder lowered by a pulley system. The ground was almost empty when we wound up the commentary, and I made to descend, but the man responsible for the ladder had hoisted it and left. I shouted to draw someone's attention, but for some minutes there was no response. Finally, I managed to instruct a late-departing spectator to lower it for me, and after a hectic drive through London I reached the studio just as John Webster was about to go on the air with the football results. From that day to this, I have never attempted a Saturday afternoon commentary.

The New Year of 1951 dawned well for me: I had a mid-morning short story reading on the Light Programme, soon to be followed by my first television engagement—in the rôle I imagined myself best equipped to deal with, that of boxing commentator. I had to fight down my instinct to talk fast and describe everything, and I had to discipline myself to listen to producer Barry Edgar's instructions over the headphones without replying.

The work continued to build up, with cycle speedway and six-day cycle race commentaries—the latter a marathon for me as well as for the riders at Wembley—and a few programmes which later were to become a regular Sunday series called *Welcome Stranger*, in which I interviewed visitors to London for the Festival of Britain.

In April, I averaged twelve guineas a week and accepted an offer to do a commentary on a chess match. It was a rather extravagant affair, played between Professor Joad and a London bus driver, on the Festival site on the south bank of the Thames. The chessmen were schoolboys dressed up.

I had never played chess in my life. I found someone who understood it, bought half a dozen text books, and crammed like a student. Shallow knowledge of a subject is the worst failing of which a commentator can be guilty, and it was a great relief when it was all over.

This increased activity brought with it an unexpected embarrassment. Critics and acquaintances almost invariably had the same thing to say in print and when I met them—that I was worse or better than Stewart MacPherson. It became painfully clear that I had become a sort of first reserve to a legend and, through no fault of his, the fast-talking Canadian was now an ogre in my life.

I WAS worried by these constant comparisons. I preferred to be told whether I was good or bad. This MacPherson business was still on my mind when I went over to Ireland for a few days' holiday in mid-year. Brian George had now assured me that *Welcome Stranger* was to be a regular Sunday series and, the comparison snag apart, things had never been better. On leaving to catch my plane, I told Teddy Sommerfield: "It's going too well. We're in for a smack in the teeth any day now."

After the London scramble, it was pleasant to slip back among old friends and familiar haunts—and, more than anything, to see Grainne again. While visiting Radio Eireann, the thought struck me that I might be happier there than chasing rainbows in London; but it was only a passing idea. In any case, others had taken over my radio work, and my brother Noel had stepped into my shoes as boxing commentator.

On the third morning, my mother called upstairs to say there was a telegram for me. It was from Teddy:

HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE ONE WEEK. GREAT CHANCE. WHOSE GETTING THE KICK IN THE TEETH NOW?

I could hardly believe it. I read the telegram to my sister Peggy, and she nearly swallowed her ear-rings. I was almost tempted to see this as the signal that meant I could safely propose to Grainne, but I was still not certain that my prospects were secure.

There was nothing to suggest that so much was going to happen in the seven months that were left of 1951, when my life was to be radically changed.

NEXT WEEK: My stormy TV battles with Gilbert Harding

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

Ellen Terry had been waiting years for this message. At once, she left for Tenterden

TOWARDS the end of the last century, during the most successful stage partnership that this country has ever known, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were out driving one autumn afternoon. After ambling across the open marshlands between Rye and Tenterden, in Kent, they reached a little bridge that spans a narrow stream—all that is left of a creek where the old port of Smallhythe stood.

On their right they saw an old farmhouse of dark, upright timbers, with a sloping red-tiled roof and one large, friendly chimney stack. In her impetuous manner, Ellen Terry called out: "This is where I should like to live and die."

"Well then, buy it!" said Irving.

Inside the house was an old shepherd. Ellen Terry accosted him with: "Do you live here?"

"No-a."

"Is this a nice house?"

"No-a."

"Do you think you will remember me if it ever is for sale?"

"Ye-es."

Several years later she received a postcard with the words "House for sale," and nothing else. But the postmark was Tenterden. She took a train at once and hurried there.

That is how she bought this fifteenth-century house in 1900. Here she retired whenever she had spare time, and here, on July 21, 1928, she died.

Ellen Terry's first performance was at the age of nine in 1856, her last at the age of seventy-nine in 1926. Watts, her first husband, Burne-Jones and Sargent immortalized her beauty and charm in their paintings.

Today Smallhythe Place is packed with her treasures. Among them are theatrical things used by members of the Terry family, including a dagger handled by her great-nephew John Gielgud in *Hamlet*.

There are portraits of famous players of the past—David Garrick, Sarah Siddons and Edmund Kean—and signed photographs of Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse.

And there is the photograph of Ellen Terry herself wearing her favourite *Cymbeline* dress. On the back she scribbled shortly before her death: "Imogen 1896. Think of me like this. Goodbye everybody at the farm, 192—."

How to get there: Smallhythe Place is two miles south of Tenterden on the east side of the Rye road. *Open:* April to September: daily (except Tuesdays), 1.30 till 6. October and March: daily (except Tuesdays), 1.30 till dusk. Closed November to February.

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The Peace Gardeners	Broadcasting
Way We're Going	Sentimental Old Fool
Inflation's Clouds	Building A Nest
Unskilled Labour	In Babyland
Armchair, Slippers, Pipe	Just As I Thought
The Housekeeping Money	Battered And Bent
Exhausted	Those Microbes
Queen Of The Skies	Trouble At The Barracks

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions

It Sounds....., But	Took The.....Off
After All Her.....	Shouting For.....
A Pleasure To.....	Gave ..... The Jitters

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.
BULLET

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B.

EX. ..... |6d.
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EX. ..... |6d.
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For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 prizes of 10s. and 1,000 "Good Shot" awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated May 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 28, for early news of No. 2,034 result.)

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